

Capt. Mayne Reid and Albert W. Aiken write exclusively for this paper. A new story, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, will be commenced next week.

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Little by little the life came back to the nerveless form of the prairie flower.

## THE RED MAZEPPA; OR, The Madman of the Plains. A STRANGE STORY OF THE TEXAN FRONTIER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "Overland Kit," "Wolf Demon," "Ace of Spades," "Witches of New York," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VIII. RAISING THE DEAD.

CROCKETT gazed earnestly into the face of the girl; there was no sign of life there, but his hand, pressed upon her little wrist, detected the faint throb that told of pulsating blood.

"Are you sure that she lives?" Gilbert asked, in doubt, for the face of the girl seemed to him to be the face of a corpse. "Sartin—sure as shootin'," replied the hunter, confidently. "She's had an awful time of it, but she's worth a dozen dead gals yet. Jist place your finger on her wrist, hyer."

Gilbert did so; the feeble throb convinced him that life was not yet extinct.

"If we had some spirits we might revive her!" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"I'm your man!" cried Crockett, with a comical wink; "reckon I don't travel fur without a little drop of whisky, for fear of accidents."

Then from an inside pocket of his hunting-shirt the hunter produced a small flask covered with leather.

"Reg'lar old tanglefoot—bore a hole through a side of sole-leather!" he exclaimed in triumph. "This will fetch her quicker'n a wink; it's powerful revivin'." I say, Gil, if I ever go under in a tussle, jist put a bottle of this to my nose an' give me a smell; if I don't take a suck at it, you can bet I'm a gone coon, for sure."

The hunter poured some of the liquor into the hollow of his hand, and bathed the girl's mouth and nostrils with it. Gilbert looked on anxiously.

"The rigid face of the girl betrayed no sign of life. A look of amazement came over the bluff features of the hardy hunter."

"It don't fotch her worth a cent, by hooky!" he murmured in astonishment.

"Yet she is not dead."

"No, but she's so pesky nigh it, that she might almost as well be."

"Pour some of the whisky down her throat."

"Easier said than done, Gil," Crockett said, with a shake of the head. "An alligator stickin' to a defunct colored individ-

ual isn't a circumstance to the way she's got her little teeth shut together."

"Let me force them open with the point of my knife!" the Mustang exclaimed, kneeling by the side of the girl.

"Her mouth ain't bigger'n a rosebud, anyway," Crockett observed; "she's jist a reg'lar double-twisted screecher of a beauty."

Daintily and tenderly the Mustang lifted the girl from the body of the dead steed and held her in his arms. The shapely head with its great masses of coal-black hair, fine as silk and lustrous as polished ebony, lay motionless upon his breast. The great eyes were closed, but the long dark lashes that swept the bloodless cheek, gave visible promise of the wondrous beauty that was hid beneath.

"Ain't she a pictur'!" cried the hunter, in admiration.

"She is, indeed, beautiful," the Mustang replied; "but now let us try to restore her. See if you can not pry open her teeth with your knife, while I pour the whisky in. I feel sure that if we can succeed in getting a few drops down her throat, it will revive her."

"It's strong enough to make a man forsake home and friends an' go an' climb a tree," Crockett observed with a grin as he passed the flask to the Mustang. "I reckon it would fotch me back if I had one foot in the grave an' tother was precious shaky. Talk 'bout chain-lightning, 'tain't a circumstance to this fluid. Why, a good strong pull at this would fotch a man right out of his boots an' make him feel as lively as a fat shoot with a 'painter' arter him; two pulls at it an' a feller would forgive his mother-in-law an' all the people that he owed."

"Quick! let us try its marvelous power on this poor girl!" the Mustang said, with an anxious glance into the motionless face.

With a touch as tender as the young mother nursing her first-born, the rough hunter inserted the point of the broad-bladed hunting-knife in between the pearly teeth. Gently, but firmly, he forced them open.

With a nervous hand Gilbert poured the whisky into the little mouth; a dozen drops or so found their way in between the ivory barriers to the throat.

Crockett withdrew the knife and the little teeth again closed together. But as the fiery liquor trickled down the throat of the girl, a slight, convulsive motion pervaded her frame. Slight as it was, it did not escape the keen eyes of the two men who, so tenderly, were trying to nurse her back to life.

"It's a-goin' to fotch her!" Crockett cried, in triumph. "I reckon it would take the h'r right off a b'ar's hide if you put 'nuff on."

"It has called back the life that I feared was gone forever."

"Who, in thunder, do you suppose could have bouned the gal on that hoss?" Crockett questioned.

"I can not guess," the Mustang replied, with a shake of the head. "I can not understand how any human being could have a hand in such a terrible deed."

"Was a somebody did it; the gal never told herself on—there's some critters in this world mean 'nuff to do any thing."

"From the fashion of her dress I should judge that the girl was an Indian, and yet her face is as nearly white as mine," the Mustang said.

"She's a half-breed."

"Does not belong to a tribe, eh?"

"No; you kin tell that by her moccasins. They're neither Comanche or Apache; 'bout the only two tribes that frequent these hyer parts."

"Her pulse is beating faster; the whisky has revived her."

"Gin her another dose; hit her ag'in with it; I told you that it would fotch her!" Crockett exclaimed, in triumph.

This time the aid of the broad-bladed knife was not needed, for the rigid muscles of the face had softened. A generous draft of the villainous liquor—for it was nothing better—the Mustang poured down her throat.

Again the convulsive shudder shook her frame; but this time far more violent than before.

"I reckon that's kicking up a small yeathquake inside," Crockett observed, a look of profound wisdom on his face. "If that air gal's throat's got any bark left on the inside of it, I reckon it must be made of sheet-iron."

Little by little the life came back to the nerveless form of the prairie flower.

"Quick! let us try its marvelous power on this poor girl!" the Mustang said, with an anxious glance into the motionless face.

Crockett unstrapped the blanket from the back of the saddle on the brown mare, and brought it to the young man.

The Mustang placed the blanket, all rolled up as it was, upon the ground by the side, and then carefully removed the girl's head from its resting-place in his lap and placed it upon the rude pillow thus afford-

ed; kneeling by the side of the girl, he waited for her to once again wake to consciousness.

Crockett, leaning upon his rifle, stood calmly regarding the two.

Slowly the great black eyes unclosed, and with a vacant stare the girl looked around her.

"Oh, this terrible torture!" she murmured in tones so full of anguish that it stirred the hearts of the listeners with pain. It was evident that she did not realize that she was no longer on the back of the wild steed a helpless prisoner, borne onward with the speed of the wind to almost certain death.

"Oh! Virgin Mother, save me from these terrible wolves!"

Again in her waking consciousness she saw the perils that had surrounded her fearful ride.

"Wa-al, the skunks that tied this poor child on that hoss ought to be strung up to a tree so high that it would take a year to finish the job!" the hunter exclaimed in honest indignation.

"Hush!" Gilbert said, warningly.

The dark eyelashes swept the cheek for a moment, then again the brilliant eyes opened.

The glance around now was one of wonder. The girl was amazed to find herself free. She looked at her wrists; the lashings were gone, but the purple marks—bracelets of bruises—told where they had cut their way into the flesh.

Then for the first time her eyes fell upon the two men who were watching her so eagerly. In astonishment she gazed upon them.

"North Americans!" she murmured, in wonder. She had guessed their country in an instant. And then she saw the lifeless form of the wild steed, the lasso still about his neck.

"Senors, you have saved me!" she exclaimed in wild gratitude. "Oh! saved me from a torture worse than death itself!"

Then she essayed to rise, but she miscalculated her strength. The fearful ride had weakened every muscle in her form. She sunk back again, half-fainting.

"How came you in such a terrible plight, you escaped by a miracle only?" the Mustang asked.

"I have bitter enemies," the girl replied,

with a shudder, "and yet I have never wronged any one in all my life."

"Your enemies must be fiends to plan and execute such a vengeance upon you," the Mustang said, hotly.

"I do not know why I am hated, and yet I am hated, bitterly," the girl replied, a sad accent in her voice. "They that hate me wish me dead. They sent me forth bound on the back of the wild steed to find a grave on the prairie."

"You know who your enemies are then?"

"I can guess," the girl said, with downcast eyes, replying to the question of the Mustang.

"Why not denounce them and have them justly punished for this terrible deed?" Gilbert asked.

"I am but a poor girl without friends; what can I do against my powerful enemies?"

"Without friends!" cried the young man, quickly; "no! you are wrong there. You are not without a friend while Gilbert the Mustang lives."

"That's so, by hooky!" the old hunter cried, heartily, "an' you kin count me in, too. I don't mind havin' a spoon in this soup as long as it's b'llin', even if I do git my mouth burnt."

"Tell us who has committed this terrible outrage, and we will do our best to right the wrong!" Gilbert said.

"Tell you?" the girl said slowly, a strange expression upon her features.

"Yes?"

"Spit it right out!" Crockett cried; "wake snakes! We'll make it hotter fur 'em than a cane-brake in July!"

"I can not tell you," the girl said, her eyes cast down, her voice low and trembling.

"You can not tell us!" Gilbert exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Don't be afraid, little 'un," Crockett said, encouragingly. "We're only two, but when we git into a quarel with the right on our side we fly round jist like forty."

"Did you not say that you knew who your enemies were?" Gilbert asked.

"Yes."

"Then, why do you wish to keep their names concealed?"

"I can not tell you that, either?" the girl replied, in great embarrassment. "Although they wished me to die by the most dreadful death that human mind can think of, yet I can not reveal who they are; I can not strike them in return."

The two Americans listened in amazement; they could hardly believe their ears. What motive could induce the girl to act in this strange manner? Such was the question that they put unto themselves, and which they were unable to answer.

A shrill neigh of alarm coming from Crockett's mustang attracted their atten-





tion. But, as they looked in the direction where the two horses stood side by side, they saw nothing to excite their alarm. The brown mare was leisurely cropping the grass, but the wiry mustang, with ears and nose extended, facing to the west, seemed terribly uneasy.

"What is the matter with your horse, Crockett?" Gilbert asked.

"Danger," replied the hunter, laconically. Then he turned to the west, where the sun was sinking in a blaze of glory. Gilbert followed his example.

Far off on the line of the horizon was a small drove of horses, some dozen or so in number. They were in rapid motion, not heading exactly for the spot where the little group stood, but bending off in a line to the north.

"I see; a drove of wild mustangs," Gilbert said.

"Exactly; only that every mustang carries a painted Comanche imp," the hunter replied dryly.

"What?" exclaimed the Mustang, in astonishment, bending an earnest gaze upon the drove.

"Fact, by hooky! that little cuss, Jerusalem, kin smell an Injun five miles off, an' he hates 'em wuss nor p'ison. He'd kick the top off of any red-skin's head that came within reach of his heels any day in the week. Do you s'pose a drove of mustangs would head toward us and our scent goin' right down to 'em on the wind? not a mile they'd dust 'olther way quicker'n a wink. It's the old Comanche dodge, a-hidin' behind their horses; when they git near enough, we'll see a moccasined foot over the mustang's back an' a painted face looking out under the hoss's neck. I know 'em from daylight to darkness, the painted sarpents."

"We had better seek cover, then!" Gilbert cried.

"That knot of timber thar will do," the hunter said, pointing to some half a dozen scrubby oaks that grew together, surrounded by a fringe of bushes. "Take the gal up in your arms an' let's git. They're coming on mighty rapid."

With the hardy men of the border to think was to act. Gilbert lifted the almost helpless girl in his arms and followed in the footsteps of Crockett.

The girl had overheard the conversation and fully understood the danger that threatened.

The little clump of timber was reached. The stunted trees covered a space, perhaps ten feet across, not over that.

With a shrill whistle the Mustang called his horse. The well-trained beast understood the signal and came at once. The mustang was not slow to follow.

"Better make the horses lay down behind these bushes," Crockett said; "that will screen them a little. The red imps will go for the beasts the first thing."

The horses thus disposed of, the two examined their weapons and prepared for the coming danger.

The Americans were well armed, a rifle and a brace of double-barreled pistols apiece, besides their hunting-knives.

"We'll have ten cracks at 'em, an' there's only 'bout a dozen of 'em in all," Crockett said, watching the approach of the foe.

The mustangs came on rapidly. So well were the Indian warriors concealed by their steeds—for the guess of the wiry hunter was right; each horse bore a painted chief—that one not used to the prairie would never have guessed that he looked upon aught else but a drove of wild horses.

As the mustangs came within half a mile of the little group of timber that sheltered the whites, they slackened their pace into a walk. One or two bent down their heads and appeared to be cropping the prairie grass.

"See the cunning of the sarpents!" cried Crockett, pointing to them. "Do you notice that they're gittin' nearer an' nearer, while they pretend jist as if they didn't know that we were hyer at all?"

"I think that gray mustang is within range," Gilbert said, after a careful glance; "suppose you try a shot on him, jist to let them see that we have penetrated their design."

"All right; I'll have to fire at the hoss, for the red imp don't show hide nor hair," Crockett replied. "Be ready with your piece, in case they make a dash at us arter I fire."

"If you could succeed in disabling one of them, it would render the rest less daring."

"They're p'ison sarpents; they're as patient as a wolf, an' jist as merciless," Crockett observed, with a shake of the head.

The gray mustang that Gilbert had referred to was approaching slowly with a sideway motion.

Carefully Crockett leveled his long rifle, and glanced his eye along the aiming tube.

"I think that I kin see the red imp's hand gripped in the mane, but I ain't sure. Guess I'll tumble the beast over, an' trust to luck for the animal to fall onto the imp, an' bruise him a leetle."

"I'm ready for them in case they make a dash after you fire," Gilbert said, placing his rifle, ready cocked, across his lap.

The hunters were reclining on the ground, concealed by the fringe of bushes.

The girl had been placed in the center of the timber. Anxiously she watched the movements of her protectors. She had but escaped from one danger to be threatened by another.

Slowly and carefully Crockett drew "bead" on the mustang. At last the hammer fell, and the ball sped on its way.

The savage dreamed not of danger, for he little thought that he was within rifle-range. The sharp, whip-like crack of the rifle broke on his ears, and then the mustang tumbled with him to the ground.

#### CHAPTER X.

The rifle-shot produced a wonderful effect. It not only tumbled the gray mustang to the earth, but it placed a painted warrior with brandished weapon on the back of each steed. With howls of rage they dashed onward, hawk-like, at one swoop to exterminate the daring foe.

Ten yards of ground had the mustangs covered in their onward rush when a second rifle-crack rung out on the prairie air, cutting in upon the Indians' war-whoops.

A brawny chief, leading the advance, reeled in his saddle, shook his feathered lance wildly in the air, clutched convulsively at vacancy, and then rolled to the ground, striking with a heavy thud.

He was dead—shot through the heart by the rifle-ball of the Mustang.

As the first shot had seemed to call the chiefs, like so many weird phantoms, into sight, so at the second shot they vanished as suddenly as they had appeared.

And now a little white smoke, curling up lazily on the air, floating over the prairie island, and entangled in its boughs; a muscular chief, with massive face and brawny chest, gayly decked with the war-paint, lying prone on the grass, his stern features glaring haughty defiance at the sky, and the scarlet life-blood welling slowly from a little wound in his breast, just over his heart; a group of wild mustangs forging slowly in a half-circle to the northward, bearing always away from the prairie island, the covert of the hunters; and that was all.

One sign of life alone on the prairie: a bruised and battered warrior dragging himself from beneath the body of the gray mustang, and seeking shelter in the long grass.

The first shot, all life; the second, the stillness of the grave.

Quickly the two recharged their pieces.

"We've slightly astonished the durned cusses," Crockett observed with a dry chuckle. "Lordy! I thought that they were goin' to ride us right down, they came on so pesky savage."

"They evidently have not been used to dealing with men like ourselves," Gilbert replied, with a quiet smile. "It is possible that it is the first time they ever heard the crack of a Kentucky rifle."

"You drilled a hole through that fellow as slick as a whistle."

"See! they have gathered together again."

"Yes, an' taken precious good keer to git out of range of our fire," Crockett remarked, surveying the Indians.

As he had said, the Comanches had taken themselves off to a safe distance, and resuming their saddles, were apparently busy in council.

"They seem to be holding a consultation together."

"Plannin' some deviltry, or my name ain't Davy Crockett!" cried the hunter, emphatically.

"It will soon be dark," the Mustang said, after a glance at the western skies where the purple clouds hung heavy and dank.

"An' the moment that darkness kivers us in, they go for us tooth an' nail."

"If there is a warrior to each horse, there is but twelve of them, and we have already disabled two—for I judge that the fellow who rode the gray mustang won't have much stomach for fighting, as I ain't seen him since the horse fell, and so I judge that he is badly hurt—there is but ten of them for us to encounter," Gilbert said, thoughtfully.

"An' if we kin wipe out two more, t'other eight will think twice afore they go fur us."

Then from the group of Indian horsemen came a single rider. He was a young chief mounted on a fiery white mustang of surpassing beauty.

Boldly he urged his horse on until he came, as he judged, within range of their fire. Then he reined in his horse and extending his arms, showed that he was weaponless.

"He wants a talk," Crockett said. The hunter had drawn a "bead" on the chief, and his finger played nervously with the trigger.

"Well, let us hear what he has to say," the Mustang replied.

"I could put a ball through him so quick that he'd never know what hurt him," Crockett muttered.

"No, no, Dave; that would be unfair!" Gilbert cried. "He is a bold fellow; he trusts to our honor, let us not deceive him."

"Right, by hooky!" Crockett exclaimed, instantly dropping the butt of the rifle from his shoulder. "I reckon the red imp would go for us, though, if he got the chance—honor or no honor."

"That is possible; but we as white men ought to set him a good example."

"I'd rather set a bullet in 'tween his ribs," the hunter said, with a growl.

"I'll step forward and speak to him; cover him with your rifle for fear of treachery."

"Don't you be afeard!" Crockett exclaimed. "If he lifts his little finger I'll plug a hole through him so quick that he'll think he's sent for."

Then laying aside his rifle, Gilbert stepped forward into the open prairie. Like the savage he displayed his open palms, as assurance that he was unarmed.

The Indian dismounted from his horse and approached the American.

The two met just about half-way between the prairie island and where the Indians sat like statues upon their wild steeds.

The Mustang and the Comanche chief faced each other. A moment they looked, curiosity in their faces.

The Comanche chief was the famous warrior, the White Mustang.

The Indian was the first to speak.

"Wah! the red-man is glad to see his white brother, although he has stricken one of his braves to death with the long rifle that carries the little ball."

"Why does the Comanche chief dash on his white brother as the hungry wolves on the wounded buffalo? The prairie is wide—there is a track to the north, another to the south. Let my red brother take either, and the long rifle will not speak," replied the Mustang, speaking in the Indian fashion.

"The white chief speaks well. Young hand—old head. And then the warrior drew himself up proudly. "On the prairie there is but one road for the Comanche chiefs—straight forward, whither they list. My white brother has no business on the prairie. It belongs to the Indians. Let him keep to his walls built out of mud. Here the Indian is chief. If a snake gets in the path of a Comanche he walks over it."

"And if the snake bites the heel of the chief, let his brothers not howl that he dies," replied the Mustang, significantly.

"The White Mustang would not howl if he stood at the torture-stake and the flames were eating his heart out!" exclaimed the Indian, proudly.

"The White Mustang—chief of the Comanches?" questioned Gilbert, somewhat astonished at the youth of the warrior.

"The chief has said—he can not lie like a white snake."

"No, nor fight like one!" cried Gilbert, scornfully. "The Comanche is a coward who hides behind a horse."

"When the White Mustang speaks he says something. Squaws talk—warriors act," the Indian replied, calmly, although the angry veins were swelling in his temples. "My white brother is the horse-taming chief who come with the sun—far off?"

"Yes," Gilbert replied, wondering at the knowledge of the Indian.

A moment the Indian looked at the Mustang and measured him from head to foot.

Gilbert could not guess the meaning of the gaze.

"My white brother is young—squat away off?" and the chief pointed eastward.

"No," Gilbert replied, utterly in the dark as to the meaning of the strange question.

"Why does white brother stay here? better go home. The white chief will lose his scalp if he stays on the prairie."

"Will the chief take it now, or wait until he wins it?" the Mustang asked, sarcastically.

"If the Comanche pleases he can take the scalp now, but he does not care to harm the white chief if he will promise to go back to his own land straight. If not, let him sing his death-song."

Gilbert was sorely puzzled; what possible interest could the Comanche chief have in his departure?

"When the white chief gets ready, he will go, not before. His scalp will never dry in the smoke of a Comanche wigwam."

At that moment the White Mustang glared upon the American, then, suddenly, with a panther-like bound, he sprang upon him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

## The Dark Secret:

### The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### THE ACTRESS AND THE EARL.

"Do not spurn me in my prayer, For this wand'ring ever longer, evermore, Hath overborn me; And I know not on what shore I may rest from my despair."

—E. H. BROWNING.

THAT cry drew every eye to their box, and an angry murmur of "Shame!" ran through the house at the interruption.

But heedless of all of every thing save the actress before them, Mr. De Vere and Lord Earncliffe stood still, gazing upon her with eyes wild with surprise, not unmixed with a sort of horror at this apparition from the dead. Augusta, too, had seen her, and sunk back with a low cry, while Orrie leaned over the box with the loud exclamation:

"Oh, grandpa! it's Miss Jack! it's Miss Jack!"

For one moment, the clear, bright, penetrating eyes of Lelia, the actress, were raised—those dark, clear eyes Disbrowe knew so well; but there was no recognition in their depths, and dropping them again, she went on with her role.

All eyes were still bent on their box in surprise and curiosity, to the great annoyance of Mrs. Tremain and her daughter, who were lost in wonder at this singular scene. Lord George, too, stared with all his eyes, evidently debating within himself whether he had not secured a party of lunatics that day from Disbrowe Park.

Norma was the only one of the party who seemed to understand it; and there was a malicious smile sparkling in her eyes and hovering around her lips, only partially concealed by the fan she held before her face.

"I say, Earncliffe, old fellow, this won't do, you know," said Lord George, in a low voice, touching his arm; "everybody's looking at you. Sit down—can't you?"

"By heaven it is he!" cried Disbrowe, passionately. "Living or dead, it is Jacquetta!"

"My lord, sit down, I beseech you!" Mr. De Vere, my dear sir, pray sit down," entreated Mrs. Tremain.

Mr. De Vere sunk back with a groan.

"Oh, my God! can the grave give up its dead?"

"En? What?" cried Lord George.

"What is he talking about? The old gen's mad. Norma's mad is a march here."

"You may find there is method in his madness. Lord Earncliffe, do be seated; you are disturbing the audience."

Disbrowe passed his hands across his eyes, as if to dispel a mist; and then seizing his hat, turned to go.

"My lord, where are you going?" said Lord George, startled by his wild looks.

"To Jacquetta! Living or dead, she is mine, and I claim her! Let me go."

He broke from him, mingled with the crowd, and disappeared. The face of sublime bewilderment and dismay which Lord George turned to his wife, at any other time would have thrown her into convulsions of laughter; but now some nervous feeling of anxiety for Disbrowe restrained all inclination for mirth.

"You had better follow him, George. Do go after him," she cried, anxiously.

"Follow him! Why, where the dev—! I beg your pardon, Lady Austrey; but upon my soul, this is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! Now, what do you suppose has got into that good youth, and this nice old American here, to set them flaring up in this fashion at sight of Lelia?"

"To the green-room. Oh, George! do go after him; you have the *entrée*—have you not?"

"Yes; but what am I to do when I get there?"

"Oh, anything—nothing—I don't know. I wish you would go, anyway. Do go, George."

"Most decidedly I'll go, my love. I hope I know my duty as a married man too well to refuse you any thing. And as this overwhelming mystery is not to be explained, I presume I must trust to my own native genius and ingenuity for finding it out. *Au revoir*, I'm off."

And opening the door, he disappeared among the crowd, leaving Mrs. Tremain and her daughter completely at their wits' end.

Passing hastily through the crowd, Lord George wended his way to the green-room by a side-door; and, on entering, saw his friend in violent altercation with the manager. Lord Earncliffe was passionately excited, his face deadly pale, his eyes wild and fierce, and his whole appearance so completely changed from the languid, indolent being he had seemed scarce an hour before, that it was no wonder Lord George stood for a moment undecided whether it was his friend or somebody else.

"I say, Earncliffe, what the foul fiend are you raising such a row for? Mr. Maxwell, what's up?"

"Your friend, my lord, insists on seeing Lelia; and it is contrary to her express command to admit any one. I am really very sorry; but I assure you, it is quite impossible," said the manager, bowing deprecatingly.

With a fierce exclamation of angry impatience, Disbrowe turned to Lord Austrey.

"I tell you, sir, I will see her, in spite of

all the managers from here to the Antipodes. I must see her, or I shall go mad!"

"Faith, I think you are that already! What, in the name of all that's absurd, has come to you, Earncliffe? What do you want to see Lelia for?"

"I know no Lelia! I came to see Jacquetta De Vere; and see her I will, in spite of earth and Hades!"

"Who the demon is she? Oh, the man is mad—that's flat! Maxwell, you know Lelia, a personal friend of Lelia's, and privileged to see her at any time. Will you tell her I wish to see her now?"

"Certainly, my lord, I have no doubt she will see you," said the manager, hastening off.

"Now, Earncliffe, what is the matter? What in the world has come over you all of a sudden?"

"I can not tell you—I can not tell whether I am sane or mad. Do not ask me, for I can not talk to you now. A desperate gesture, as he strode up and down, spoke more than words.

Lord George looked at him, and indulged in a long, wailing whistle, that plainly spoke his conviction that his unhappy young friend's brain (if he ever possessed such a thing), was completely turned. At the same moment the manager appeared.

"My lord," he said, turning to Lord George, "Lelia has just left the stage; and as she does not appear in the next scene, she will see your lordship now. Will you please to step this way?"

Disbrowe started up to accompany him, but Lord George interposed.

"Not now, my dear fellow! Wait until I return; and if my eloquence has any effect on Lelia, she will see you."

He followed the manager as he spoke; and Disbrowe was left pacing up and down, with a burning heart and a whirling brain, still striving to persuade himself this was all the wild delirium of a dream. Jacquetta alive and well! Oh, he must certainly be mad!

The return of Lord Austrey aroused him, and he looked at him with eyes full of devouring impatience.

"Well?"

"Well, I have seen her, and she will see you after the play; so rein in that mad impatience of yours until then. How you are going to apologize for intruding upon her, I don't know. She smiled when I told her the state of mind her appearance had thrown you into."

Disbrowe still strode up and down, like one possessed. Lord George threw himself into a chair and looked at him.

"My dear fellow, what a treasure you must be to your bootmaker, if you are in the habit of taking such severe turns as this! 'Pon my honor! I would give all the spare change I have about me, to know what has come to you so suddenly. Won't you go back to the theater and see the play played out?"

"No—it would drive me mad to look at her there again!" exclaimed Disbrowe, vehemently.

Lord George stared, and indulged himself in a low, hysterical whistle.

An hour and a half dragged on their endless length before the drama was ended. Disbrowe had wrought himself up to a perfect fever of impatience, when the manager approached them and announced the coming of Lelia.

And even as he spoke, she stood beside them, looking at Disbrowe with her large, calm eyes. Those eyes! what a spell they cast over him, calming down his mad fever of impatience like ice cast on fire! Those clear, bright, penetrating eyes, with their unfathomable depth of mockery, how well he knew them! Those short, bright, clustering curls—that round, white, boyish brow—those sweet, beautiful lips, that small, graceful form, how well—how well—he knew them all! It seemed but yesterday since he had bidden her farewell in the parlor of Fontelle Hall—forever, as he thought; and now they stood face to face again!

"Jacquetta! Jacquetta!" he passionately cried, "have we met again?"

She glanced at him with her calm eyes, and drew back in haughty surprise.

"My lord, what does this mean?" she said, turning to Lord Austrey.

"Are you mad, Earncliffe? What the foul fiend do you mean with your 'Jacquetta's'?" said Lord Austrey, in a fierce whisper. Then aloud: "Madam, will you excuse my friend? Unless he has suddenly gone crazy, I do not know how to account for this. Allow me to present him: Lord Earncliffe, Madame Lelia."

She bowed, and the faintest, strangest smile went wandering around her lips. That smile! had he not seen it a thousand times before? He passed his hand across his brow, like one bewildered.

"Am I sane or mad? Can the dead have risen again? Madam, for heaven's sake! answer me, before I go wild—were you ever called Jacquetta?"

She came over, and held out her hand, with the old, bright, half-mocking smile.

"Yes! And so cousin Alfred has not forgotten Jack De Vere?"

He took her hand and tried to speak, but a sudden faintness came over him, and, deadly pale, he sunk mute and voiceless into a chair.

"My lord, he is fainting!" she cried, in alarm.

He made a faint motion with his hand.

"No—it is nothing. A glass of water—quick!"

She caught him from the manager's hand, and held it to his lips. He drank it off, and catching both her hands in his, looked up in the bright, beautiful, smiling face, with such a strange, troubled, yearning gaze!

"Well, my lord, you will know me the next time that I see you. Had you not better let go my hands?"

"Oh, Jacquetta! Jacquetta! is this really you?"

"Well, I am rather inclined to think so. Do I not look substantial enough?"

And she laughed as she released her hands.

"Oh, Jacquetta! I thought you were dead!"

A dark shadow passed over her face, a strong shiver passed through her frame, and she turned away with a passionate gesture.

"Oh, that dreadful death-sleep! that terrible vault! that awful awakening! God grant I could forget it!"

She put her hands over her face for a moment, and then dropped them—calm once more. He started to his feet, a new light dawning upon him.

"Then you were not dead—only in a trance? Jacquetta! Jacquetta! was it so?"

"Even so, my lord."

"And then—good heavens! you were buried alive!"

"Yes," she said, with another strong shudder.

"Great heavens! And how were you saved from your awful fate, Jacquetta?"

"God lives!" she said, looking up reverently. "And the same power that once saved Daniel in the lion's den, Jonah from the depths of the sea, saved Jacquetta from her living tomb."

"But how—who—Mr. De Vere did not know?"

"No; but what can it matter to you, lord earl?"

The old look of cold hauteur passed over her face, and she turned away with a small, impatient motion.



gusta, and Orrie, and Mr. De Vere are here."

"I know—I saw them. No, not to-night, Alfred. I have given you my address; come, the whole of you, to-morrow. I am not quite calm enough to see them to-night. Oh, Alfred! it all seems like a dream to me yet!"

"Thank Heaven, it is a reality! But, first, Jacquetta, will you not tell me how you were saved?"

"Simply enough. My father—Captain Nick Tempest—saved my life."

"He! How?"

"It appears he was at Green Creek when I was removed; and, upon his return, was furious to find what Mr. De Vere had done. At first, he was for going to Pontelle, and making a scene with Mr. De Vere; but Grizzle prevailed upon him to take a more prudent course, and substitute cunning for violence. He came to Pontelle that night, saw old Tribulation—poor Aubrey's nurse—and, through her means, obtained the key of the vault, entered, and found me—alive!"

"Heavens! what a situation for you!"

"I had scarcely time to realize my situation; for I had just awakened from my deathlike sleep—my trance, or whatever you may call it; and Captain Tempest, who can be cool and self-possessed in a crisis, made no to-do about it, but carried me off, got me on board the 'Fly-by-Night,' where, by the aid of his surgeon, before morning Jacquetta was herself again!"

"How strange and terrible! I have often heard of such deadly sleeps before. Good heavens! if he had not come, what a fate might have been yours!"

"We will not think of it. Heaven was merciful. Do you know, that all the time I lay there for dead, I heard and understood every thing that passed? I knew you watched by my side all that long, sad night—I knew they were going to bury me; but I could not utter a word, nor make the faintest motion. Life was suspended, seemingly; yet, oh! how vividly it all comes back to me now! I suffered an age of agony in those few hours."

"My poor Jacquetta! my own darling! To think there should have been such a strange destiny keeping us apart in this way! Truly, this world is full of paper walls!"

"We have broken them down at last. Jacquetta and Alfred stand on equal terms now—do they not?" she said, with a smile.

"Heaven be praised! yes! But, tell me, how came you to seek the stage?"

"It was my destiny, I suppose. I was made to be an actress, and not a countess. However, I suppose I must submit. Captain Tempest—I can not call him father, somehow—and I came to understand each other pretty well before our journey's end. Alfred, they say the demon is not so black as he is painted; and I found Captain Tempest any thing but the ferocious monster he was represented. He saw we could not get on together, and he agreed to let me go through the world on my own way. So we parted—he for Cuba, and I for France; and since then, we have never met. I took my own name, and was successful, as you know. I met Lady Austrey abroad, and came with her to England."

"And that reminds me! How in the world came you and Norma ever to know each other?"

"She laughed, and her eyes sparkled. 'What great stupid things these lords of creation are. You really can not suspect.'"

"Upon my honor I can not."

"Then I shall not tell you—perhaps Norma may some day. But tell me, Alfred, how is Augusta? I saw her in your box, looking like a living skeleton."

"Yes; she is dead in life."

"My poor, poor sister. Have they discovered the source of this mysterious sorrow of hers yet?"

"I have; she told me in confidence, and I believe it has no real foundation whatever; yet you see it is wearing away her life. What a pity we can not all be happy in this world—as happy as I am!"

"I don't know as you have any great cause for happiness after all. I am not much of a treasure for any one. But now you positively must go, Alfred; and listen; bring Orrie with you when you come to-morrow. I wonder if Mr. De Vere will give her to me now?"

"He shall. The Countess of Earncliffe shall claim her own child. She knew you the moment she saw you, Jacquetta."

"I am glad—I am glad! Oh, Alfred! how my heart has yearned for that child—almost as much," she said, with a smile, half sad, half gay, "as it will for somebody else. And now, Lord Austrey, good-night; remember me to her ladyship, and tell her her prophecy has come true."

"What was that?" said Disbrowe, curiously.

"Never mind. I will tell you some day. Good-night, Alfred—good-night, my lord."

"She turned to go. Disbrowe took a step after her."

"Not with this cold parting, surely, Jacquetta?"

"Keep the feast till the feast day," laughed Jacquetta. And with a wave of her hand and a bright, saucy glance, she was gone.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 87.)

## Uncle Egbert's Heir.

BY S. J. CURTIS.

WANTED.—An experienced seamstress at Oak Lawn, Flushing, L. I. Terms liberal. Address E. K. Herald's office.

I read the advertisement, then handed the paper to mother, and watched while she read it. I saw her pale cheek flush, and her eyes fill with tears, and knew that memory had carried her back to the time when she was Miss Ralston, and mistress of Oak Lawn, till she left it to share a far humbler home, with the man she loved. Her father never forgave the *mesalliance*, as he was pleased to call it.

All intercourse between the families ceased; and at his death, Oak Lawn and every thing else was left to his son, by a former marriage, Egbert Ralston, Jr. He it was who had advertised for a seamstress; and I, Cora Harte, teacher in one of the public schools in New York, was about to apply for the position.

Perhaps mother suspected my intention, for she looked up and said, quickly:

"Well, dear, how can your uncle's advertisement possibly concern us?"

"It concerns us very nearly, dear mamma, for I must try to secure the place."

She objected at first, as I knew she would, but at last the sad logic of poverty made her see the matter as I did. And indeed it was absolutely necessary that I should do something.

There were but twenty-five dollars in my purse, ten of which were owing to the doctor. Mother was an invalid, I her only support. A school would not recompense till fall, and in the mean time we must live.

"Think how comfortable it will make us," I urged in conclusion. "Uncle Egbert never knew that I am related to him. I doubt if he is even aware of my existence. You will know that I am safe and comfortable, and the money will be fairly earned."

So it was all arranged at last. We gave up our little room at Harlem; board was engaged for mother, and I was initiated into the life of a seamstress.

It did not prove so hard as I had expected. The house was large and airy, and within hearing of the waves as they beat continually upon the beach.

Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, supplied me with work, and when I occasionally met Mr. Ralston, he passed me with a bow at once haughty and indifferent. Beyond this my presence in the house was ignored.

One day I ran down stairs for some instructions about my work, and observed that a hammock had been suspended across the veranda, and moreover that it was occupied.

"Who is that?" I inquired of Mr. Martin.

"The good lady looked over her glasses at the hammock, then under them at me."

"That is Mr. Harvey Lindsey, Mr. Ralston's heir. He is going to stay here for some time."

Mr. Ralston's heir! I had not thought of that. Of course the estate must be left to somebody, and as Mr. Ralston was a bachelor, this was the fortunate individual.

On my way back, I paused to look more closely at one who was destined to step into the shoes I fancied Fortune should have adjusted to my feet. What a picture of sublime masculine laziness he was! His Panama had fallen from his head, his slippers from his feet, his paper from his hand; but with instinctive fondness his fingers still clasped his cigar. A long light mustache shaded his mouth, and his eyes were closed, for Mr. Harvey Lindsey was enjoying the luxury of a noonday nap.

It was, perhaps, with more scorn and impatience than the occasion quite justified, that I turned away. He was one of life's idlers—I belonged to the world of workers; he was waiting for his fortune—I was struggling for mine; let him sleep on!

Doubtless it was hard for this devotee of pleasure to exchange the delights of Saratoga and Long Branch for the monotony of a quiet country house, merely to satisfy the caprice of an eccentric old gentleman, and Mr. Lindsey suffered from ennui.

Nevertheless I did not feel called upon to devote myself to his entertainment, and persistently declined his invitations to walk or drive.

But his sunny temper would not let him take offense, and after the long day's sewing he would bring book or paper and read to me while I rested. At such times the demon of envy and discontent was banished from my heart, and for a few hours I was happy.

So the summer sped away, and my engagement at Oak Lawn drew to a close. The last day came, hot and sultry. Swiftly and steadily I sewed, fearing to stop for a moment, resolutely keeping back the blinding tears—tears of regret for the past, of dread for the lonely future.

At last my work was peremptorily stopped. A firm hand was placed upon my wheel of the sewing machine, and Mr. Lindsey said:

"Get your hat, Cora, and come out for a walk."

I was too tired and nervous to resist, and, moreover, I felt that resistance would be useless.

We walked on silently for a time; at last he spoke.

"Poor little girl! Oh, Cora, it pains me to the heart to see you so worn and tired. My darling, I would save you from a life of toil, for I love you. Will you be my wife?"

With a perversity I could scarcely explain even to myself, I withdrew my hand and answered bitterly:

"Reserve your pity, Mr. Lindsey. My life may be a hard, but I thank God, it is not an aimless one. Our lines are cast in different places. I am Mr. Ralston's niece, you are his heir. I must work to gain a livelihood; you have only to await his death to inherit the estate. And now, good-night and farewell, for I leave Oak Lawn early to-morrow morning."

We had reached the garden gate, but he detained me to ask eagerly:

"You say you are Mr. Ralston's niece; I beg of you to tell me is he aware that you are such?"

"Reassure yourself; he knows me only as his hired seamstress."

Half an hour later, a servant knocked at my door and announced that Mr. Ralston desired to see Miss Harte in the library.

I went down, unable even to conjecture what was to follow. In the hall I was intercepted. Mr. Lindsey stepped forward.

"Give me a few moments, first, please," he said gently, leading me to the veranda.

"There is a pleasant surprise in store for my little friend, and I want to be the first to tell it. Mr. Ralston is to revoke his will, and Miss Cora Harte is to be his heir."

"And you?" I asked, scarcely realizing what I heard.

He smiled a little.

"I am not entirely penniless, and even if it were so, thank Heaven, a man can earn his bread without losing life and strength in the effort. It will give me more pleasure than I can tell, to know that you are well and happy here, after I have gone away."

"Gone away?" I echoed.

"Yes; I shall accept a foreign appointment, and probably remain abroad several years."

"My heart will break!" I cried, almost involuntarily.

He reached forward eagerly.

"Cora, tell me at once, is it indeed true? I beg of you do not trifle with me now."

I had no desire to trifle. At last I knew my own heart—knew that Harvey Lindsey was dearer than all the world to me, and I told him so.

So the question as to who should inherit uncle Egbert's estate was satisfactorily settled, and Oak Lawn became our happy home.

## THE BEAUTIFUL SOON FADES!

BY GERALD SILVEY.

To heaven I cast my rapturous sight,  
And saw a lovely star  
Give radiance from afar.  
And there on its empyreal plain  
It seemed the fairest of its train;  
But ah! dark clouds o'ercast the sky,  
And hid its beauties from mine eye!

I saw a flower—a lovely flower—  
Such as the dewdrops love to kiss—  
So bright the whirlwind's mighty power  
Grew calm, and wooed in tones of bliss;  
It lived, while pearly dewdrops stayed,  
It thrived, while round it zephyrs played;  
But when the breeze and dew stole away  
This flower faded with the day!

A beauteous maid hath blessed my sight—  
A creature from some brighter sphere,  
Whose angel face and brow of light  
Seemed more to me than passing fair;  
Her dimpled cheeks were luscious red;  
Blue were her eyes as skies o'erhead;  
Mingled her voice seemed to be  
With Heaven's sweetest symphony—

Sweet was the cup of life to sip  
While this dear one was nigh,  
But as I pressed my smiling lip  
To her cheek, she turned away;  
The tears of woe bedimmed mine eye!  
For like that star that faded the night,  
And like my vernal-tinted flower,  
She faded no more an earthly bow!

## Laura's Peril:

OR,

## THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### A RECOGNITION.

CAPTAIN HOUSTON was sitting in his own room quietly smoking a cigar, and watching through the open casement the early autumn leaves rustle in great red showers to the earth, when a servant entered and announced the fact that there was a gentleman in the reception-room who desired a few moments' conversation with Mr. Houston.

"Who is it, Mary?" he asked, carelessly.

"I don't know, sir; never seen him in the world before, sir."

The captain smiled. "Nor out of the world, I dare say."

Mary saw the joke, and toying with her apron, laughed a little.

"No, sir; nor out of the world."

"Well, then, go down and tell him that I will be there directly. He gave no card?"

"No, sir—no card."

The servant withdrew, and Captain Houston glanced into the mirror over the mantel, re-arranged his necktie, gave a settling twist to his vest, and followed her.

In the reception-room he met Cleve Standish. The latter came forward to greet the old soldier, but he stopped short when he saw there was no sign of recognition in the captain's face.

"I see you don't know me, captain?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Captain Houston said:

"Really, you have me at a disadvantage, but," he was looking under his eyebrows at him now—"it seems to me I have met you somewhere before, but where, when, or under what circumstances, I can not for the life of me remember."

"You were once in command of a body of troops at Peoria, and afterward at Leavenworth?"

"Yes, yes—over eighteen, ay, over nineteen years ago."

"Do you not remember seeing in those places a wild, harum-scarum youth named Cleve Robsart?"

"Cleve Robsart who married pretty Mabel Lynn—the minister's daughter?"

"The very same."

"And you?"

"I am Cleve Robsart!"

Captain Houston grasped him by the hand. "Ay, I remember now! You have changed a great deal, have grown stout, but I recognize you now."

"I thought you would," replied Cleve.

"But, captain, I have just returned from California, and I've come here to ask you a simple question."

Captain Houston knew what was coming, but he restrained himself, and said:

"Go on."

"Have you ever seen Mabel Lynn since we left Leavenworth for California?"

His voice was full of eagerness.

"And you know nothing of her?"

"Nothing of herself—but her child—I know she is her child because she bears the same name, and is the very counterpart of your Mabel—is in this house now."

"I know that," replied Cleve; "at least, it was the knowledge of this circumstance that brought me back."

"Indeed! how came you to know this?"

"I met the Dormers in California—in Sacramento—and I saw her picture there, and heard her name."

"Very strange; but where is little Mabel? You know I never saw my child."

"Never saw her?" repeated the captain.

"No, never. Her mother and I were separated before the child was born. For years I have thought her mother dead. I thought she had died in the mountains."

"But how came you to be separated?"

"I am almost ashamed, captain, to tell you the story," began Cleve, blushing red.

"You know how wild I was?"

"Yes."

"Well, when we got to the Pacific coast, I got in with a lot of gamblers and rascals, and what with drinking all day, and playing all night, in six months I was almost crazy."

"I know—go on."

"Mabel tried to win me away from my evil habits, used to lecture me on their sinfulness, and beg of me to return to the States. I would not listen to her, of course; her counsel made me, if any thing, more desperate, and one night when possessed of a mania, I struck at her with a bowie-knife. She threw up her arms to ward off the blow, and, somehow or other, my hand received a twist, and the blade of my knife penetrated my own neck."

"My God!" exclaimed Captain Houston; "how terrible!"

"Yes, you may guess how terrible, but you can not even faintly imagine my feelings on returning to consciousness. There I lay in a cabin in the mountains, so weak from loss of blood that I was unable to speak, surrounded only by a party of rough miners, who had little or no sympathy for such a wretch as I." He sighed heavily.

"I learned, after a while, that my wife was nowhere to be found, and the supposition was that she had committed suicide by drowning herself in the Klamath."

"Fearful!" exclaimed the captain, again breaking in on the strange narrative, "fearful!"

"Ah, it was, indeed, sir! but from that hour I resolved to lead a better life, and when I got well enough to be about again, I tramped all over the Pacific coast, sir, from San Diego to the Oregon line, in search of poor Mabel. Finally, I gave up the chase, and God knows how I mourned for my darling wife; night and day, sir, she was ever in my thoughts; yes, sir, night and day."

He paused a moment. "When I left Syskyou county, I changed my name to Standish, my mother's name, and have borne it ever since."

"But, you have some friends living—a father, have you not?"

"Yes; I have a father in Maryland; but he disinherited me years ago, and I'm not sure now whether he is dead or living. I have led a wild life, you see—a very reckless, desperate existence."

He buried his face in his hands and something like a moan escaped him.

Captain Houston was touched by the misery before him, and going forward, he laid his hand upon his head.

"There, Robsart, don't take it so to heart. Your wife may still be living."

"Yes, I think she is living," he said, with animation. "You see, this child Mabel, when the Dormers got from my Mabel in Pennsylvania, must have been born four months after her mother and I quarreled in California."

"Ah! indeed! Then she must be living yet. Yes! yes! You should advertise for her in the *Herald* or *Times*. Don't you think so?"

There was a merry peal of laughter in the parlor, across the hall, and the two men looked into each other's faces.

"It's she," said the captain—"it's Mabel."

Cleve Robsart made a quick step forward, as if he would rush in at once and repeat his whole story to the owner of that merry laugh, but the captain's hand was upon his arm, holding him fast.

"No, no, that won't do. You would frighten the poor child to death. I'll have to pave the way a little."

"But I am so eager to see her—every moment is an age."

"Yes, yes, I know. But come, step into this room, and I'll send for her."

"You'll not keep me waiting long?"

"No, no, but a moment."

Cleve stepped into a little room to the right; it was filled with books, and he saw at a glance it was a reading-room. Dropping into a chair, he listened eagerly.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

WHEN Captain Houston entered the drawing-room, he found Mabel and George Dalby examining a lot of sketches which the latter had made during his stay at Newport.

"Will you excuse Mabel a moment, Mr. Dalby?"

"Oh, yes—certainly."

Mabel hastily laid down the sketch she was examining.

"Well, captain, do you want me?"

"Yes; I want to speak to you a few moments, in the reception-room."

He was looking very solemn, and for the moment she thought him the bearer of ill tidings.

"There is no bad news," she asked, following him. "Is there? Nothing has happened to Joe or Adam?"

"No, nothing. Sit down there, in this chair. There." He placed it so that Cleve could feast his eyes on her face. "I have good news for you, Mabel."

Her face lit up like a flash.

"Oh, captain, do tell me, is—is Joe come back?"

He shook his head.

"No, it's not about Joe, or the Dormers, but about a nearer friend."

The girl began to tremble.

"I have heard to-day from your father!"

"My father!" she gasped. "My father—my real father?"

"Yes, Mabel dear; but don't get excited. Keep cool, and I will tell you all."

"Oh, Captain Houston," and here the tears began to fall; "you are not trifling with me—you are, are you in earnest?"

"I am, most assuredly."

"And I have a father living, after all?"

"Yes, Mabel, you have a father."

"And a mother, too? Oh, captain, pray do say I have a mother too!"

"There, there; don't lose your reason, my good girl. Possibly your mother is still living, but your father certainly is, and is—"

"In this house?" she interrupted. "He is in this house! I know it! Oh, Mr. Houston, let me see him! I know he is here!"

She leaped to her feet, and her eyes wandered about the room. Guided, as if by instinct, she rushed to the reading-room door. On the threshold she met Cleve Robsart.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, with outstretched arms.

She glanced up, heaved a deep sigh, uttered a little scream, and fell fainting on his breast.

"Look up, my darling, my own precious one, look up! 'Tis your father calls on you, your own poor, half-crazed father."

He strained her to his bosom, in a passionate embrace, and kissed her parted lips, and cheek, and brow, while the hot tears fell upon her face in a shower.

"I feared I would never know this joy. My life has been so miserable, and bare—so very bare."

"Cleve—Mr. Robsart, she has fainted," said Mr. Houston, coming forward. "See, how pale she is."

Yes; she had fainted, but she was returning to consciousness again. He brushed the golden hair—so very like that other Mabel Lynn's—and held the glass of water, which the captain had brought, to her lips.







## TRUTH RESISTLESS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

When a grand, impetuous nature  
Is won to the law of right,  
How he shines in every feature  
With the love of the living light.  
What a lustre power is streaming  
From his mind to passion wrought,  
Where the eagles of logic gleaming  
Rush down from the sky of thought.

His birds of the sun to pieces  
The vultures of falsehood tear;  
Nor break nor talon ceases  
While a father of ill is there.  
And the owls and bats of error  
Assailed without stint or ruth,  
To the caverns of sin wither  
Pee from the force of truth.

In those lurid days they shiver  
As they see, with fierce afright,  
The truth, like a crystalline river,  
From its flood of eloquent light.  
No longer for triumph seeking  
They hide, from the terrible strife,  
Where the fogs of wickedness reeking  
Afford them a space for life.

Would you see resistless power  
In all that you say and do,  
Seek the truth of God each hour,  
And obey it earnestly too.  
The lesson of wisdom is given  
By a life of modest worth,  
The humblest servant of heaven  
Is the mightiest soul on earth.

## A Mad-Cap.

BY MISS M. F. BURLINGAME.

SOMEWHERE near the Union Pacific Railroad lived my heroine. Whether in Iowa or Nebraska, I am not going to say, for some of those gentlemen groaning over doll-baby women, and "Girls of the Period," might possibly go there in search of another like her. It would be a fruitless quest, for she was the wildest, most daring girl within the borders of civilization, and she isn't tamed much yet.

"Fast?" Not a bit. She was as ignorant as a baby of keno, cigarettes, husband-trapping, and Grecian bend; equally innocent of chignons and corsets, else she could not have been the woman she was. But she could hunt, shoot, row, fish, climb trees, drive mules, oxen and mustangs, and ride bare-back; moreover, she did so.

There were seven girls in the family, and only one boy, and that one boy was her twin brother. An affinity of spirit made them nearly as inseparable as the Siamese twins. Dick wouldn't work unless Kate helped or looked on, and he never thought of going on any excursion without her; she was better than any boy he knew. And Kate thought Dick worth more than all the girls and dolls in existence.

So Kate Arnold grew up to womanhood, skilled in all the light out-door labor pertaining to a grain and stock farm, and an adept in all the innocent recreations in which western boys delight. She was a sad romp, and mad-cap, but without being rough and coarse. As frolicsome as a kitten, she was as graceful. To the indoor skillfulness and respectable intelligence and education of most farmers' daughters, she added a splendid physique, and an acquaintance with out-door life and sports which increased her womanly charms and beauty. She loved adventure, daring, and the tears of laughter, because her manner of living had preserved her from the morbid distempers and longings, and dreams, and heart-starvings and pangs, which so beset girls and women. She was full of life, health, fire, enthusiasm and latent capabilities, still careless and happy, undisciplined by suffering, and unawakened by love.

Half the young men in the county were in love with her, but she teased and tormented them, lapped at them, gave them advice and honest friendship, and was so frank and unconscious, that one might as well try to flirt with, or make love to, his grandmother or college chum.

The association with her brother Dick, the warm affection, the pure, close interchange of thought, sentiment and sympathy, kept her from that want and need of masculine companionship which makes many girls, during their teens, cry for money. At three-and-twenty love had not touched her heart, or matrimony entered her brain, and she was the better for it.

One morning she was sitting in an apple-tree, shelling corn for a flock of chickens, and throwing the cobs to her favorite cow. Through her busy head ran a train of thought, something in this way:

"I think Dick was real shabby. Here I've been his comrade for nearly a quarter of a century, and he's failed him. No matter what the weather, or what I was doing, when he wanted me to go with him, I went. I've blistered my hands and feet more than once, off with him. I always helped him in his plans, and never had a secret from him. And now, to think that when he wanted to explore Clark's Cave, he went and got John Callahan to go with him. It's too bad. I'm glad they got lost and couldn't go far. I'm glad they forgot fire-arms and provisions. That's just the way they'd forget the road to heaven, if women didn't jog their memories every day. I'm glad Dick lost his knife, and John bumped his head. John's always bumping and bobbing, like a bat or a May-bug. If Dick had taken me instead of John Callahan, we would have gone to the end of the cave if it reached half way to China. I'm glad they made a failure. Men always do when they shut women clear out of their confidence. Some of them never live long enough, though, to find it out. Doubt whether Methuselah did. Thought it was drilled into Dick from his cradle, so that he couldn't forget it. I've the greatest notion to explore the cave myself, make a map of it, find Dick's knife, if I can, and then offer to guide them through. That's just what I'll do the first favorable day," jumping from the tree, and scattering the cackling fowls.

A few mornings later, she started to carry out her project, without telling any one of her intentions. Wasn't she afraid? Not at all, Miss Angelina! I know you scream at a spider, but she was fearless enough to have led the way for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Exploring alone the unknown cave was to her an amusing retaliation on Dick.

Kate was not exactly foolhardy, either. She provided herself with weapons, eatables, lights, a "safety-lamp," as a protection against foul gases, and several balls of fine twine. At the mouth of the cave she securely fastened one end of the twine, designing to unwind the ball as she proceeded, and thus have a clue from one apartment to another, by which she could not fail to retrace her footsteps.

Before she was through the first apart-

ment, she almost regretted her rash undertaking. The stillness, the utter darkness and solitude were oppressive beyond description. Dick and John had entered another room, so would she. In the second room she found Dick's knife, and, with renewed courage and energy, pushed on. The third and fourth apartments she mapped, giving absurd or fanciful names to all the prominent features. Afterward, she postponed mapping until her return.

It was weary work, walking in wet sand and slippery clay, scrambling over rocks, climbing ledges, and crawling through narrow apertures. The jagged rocks cut her hands and bruised her feet. The burdens she carried wearied her, strong as she was. Sometimes she wandered along the slippery, narrow bank of a subterranean brook—waters of unknown depth on one side, and a perpendicular wall on the other. Sometimes a yawning chasm stretched across her track. Innumerable wonders and beauties were revealed in the light of her lamp or torch, but dangers encompassed her. Blackness brooded before and behind. The stillness was broken only by the sound of dripping water, and her own footfalls. The constant dread of making a false step, and of slipping over the brink of an unseen precipice, told on her nerves. An awe and fear, never felt before, crept over her soul. She was in a world where light and life, and humanity were strangers. The unknown and the unseen were all about her. Eternity and omnipotence seemed near. The desolation and loneliness made her weak and trembling, yet an indomitable spirit would not let her turn back.

After a while she reached a room which surpassed all the others in beauty. Thousands of sparry stalactites hung from above; some red, some yellow, some white; most of them transparent. Many resembled branches; some, folds of drapery, some long, pointed leaves, others, heavy fringe. Stalactites rose from the floor, and formed cones of purest white, and figures of trees, animals, and human beings. In many places they met the stalactites, forming massive pillars, or thin curtains. Here and there were delicate tracings of leaves and flowers, like frost-work executed in stone. Stalactites and stalactites were studded with crystals gleaming like a snow-crust in the sunshine, with sparkling incrustations, and shining fragment of spar.

Kate rambled from one point to another, entranced with the profusion of magical beauty. Fatigue, fear and loneliness were forgotten. She was in a fairy grotto, more wonderful than her wildest dream. She thought it worth all the toil and danger incurred; and examined each beautiful object with the eager enjoyment of a child.

Suddenly her heart throbbed with a great terror. She had lost her unwinding ball of twine. Whether she had brought it into the beautiful room she was unable to tell. She sought for the entrance in vain. The pillars, and curtains, and partitions of stalactites formed a bewildering labyrinth from which she could not extricate herself. After several hours of fruitless wandering, she paused to rest and to consider the situation. She was weary, weak and discouraged. There was a suspicious choking in her throat, but, unlike most heroines, she did not indulge in tears. As she grew calm, she gave vent to this soliloquy:

"Kate Arnold, you are in a scrape—a big scrape. You might have known that a woman alone is no wiser than a man alone. It's no use to make a goose of yourself and cry. It would only unstring your nerves and make your head ache. There's no sense in giving up, either. You've provision enough to keep you alive a week, and light enough to travel by. Nobody will think of looking here for you. You will have to trust in God and your own wits to get out. And now, Kate Arnold, the best thing you can do is to eat a little, rest, and find a dry place to sleep and recruit your strength and sense. You're too weak and bewildered to find the way from the barn to the house."

She ate, and rested, and then laid herself down amid the choicest of nature's statuary, and fell asleep, calmly and trustfully, lost alone in the great cave under the hill.

Kate's unexplained absence did not occasion any uneasiness at home until evening. Even then, the family were not greatly troubled, so implicit was their confidence in Kate's ability to take care of herself. It was strange she had not told Dick of her going, also strange that she had missed the singing-school, and that none of the young folks had seen her; but, likely, she was spending the night at a distant neighbor's. The family made special arrangements to attend a picnic the next day and when Kate did not appear in the morning, they became greatly alarmed. Dick rode about the neighborhood, searching and inquiring, but could learn nothing, except that Daddy Carter had seen her the morning before, going along the path leading to Pelton's ranche.

Pelton's ranche was five miles away, and had but one inhabitant, an enterprising young bachelor; it was not probable that Kate had gone there, but Dick wanted to see, not knowing what else to do. Of course, he learned nothing, but he found that help which always turns up in stories, and frequently in real life, and which some people call "luck," and others "special Providence."

Frank Dudley was there. Worn out with eternal quill-driving in the hot editorial room of a Chicago paper, he had rushed off for two weeks' rest and cooling in Colorado, and had stopped off to spend a night with his old college chum, Jim Pelton. Now, this Frank Dudley was one of those "men of brains," who, according to the erratic George Francis Train, are more plenty in Chicago and San Francisco than in any other cities in the world. Men who would know what to do in an earthquake, a fire, or a shipwreck. Moreover, Dudley had a dog with him that could trail equal to a bloodhound—indeed, a bloodhound was among his ancestors.

When Dudley heard Dick's story, he offered to find the girl, no matter where she was. He and the dog soon found the trail and traced it to the cave. After providing themselves with lights, Dudley and Dick entered, and followed the stretched twine, while the dog pursued the more circuitous trail. When they came to where Kate lost the ball of twine they were obliged to follow the dog through the room where she was lost. It was there impossible to follow his circlings and doubtings, but Dudley managed to keep near, and was at the dog's heels when he found the sleeping girl. Dudley had expected a coarse, strapping Amazon, and was so surprised to see a fair, slender girl, with an exquisite form, a pure, sweet face, soft, clustering curls, and scarlet

lips which tempted him, that he stood and stared until Dick came up.

The bustle and light awakened Kate from her long sleep, and she was soon herself again, insisting upon the young men seeing every stalagmite and stalactite before they left. But, she was inexpressibly thankful when they reached the sunlight.

There is no use in spinning out the sequel. You, sagacious reader, guessed it when Frank Dudley was introduced. You knew then, as well as I, that Dudley spent his vacation there instead of going on to Colorado; that Kate discovered undreamed-of heights, and depths, and powers, in her nature; that, together, they wandered into Paradise, found the beatitudes, and were glorified with—

"The light that never was on sea or land."

To finish the story, it is only necessary to say that last summer, when the managing editor sent Frank Dudley to report on the conditions and prospects of Puget Sound, that individual stopped off again to see Jim Pelton, and when he resumed his journey, Kate went with him, and her name wasn't Kate Arnold.

Tracked to Death:  
THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF "HELL'S HAND," "LOVE RANCH," "SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT BECAME OF HER.

HELEN ARMSTRONG at first felt herself elevated into the air, where for a time she was held suspended. Only for an instant—just long enough to see the boat pass on beneath. At the same time she caught sight of her sister, as the latter rushed upon the guards, and gave out a piercing shriek in reply to her own.

As she herself screamed a second time, the thing grasping her suddenly relaxed its hold, and her next sensation was of falling from a giddy height, till the fall was broken by a plunge into water. She experienced a severe shock, striking her almost senseless. She was only sensible of a drumming in her ears, a choking in the throat; in short, the sensation that precedes asphyxia by drowning.

The responsive shriek given out by both girls, and then continuously kept up by Jessie, brought the passengers rushing out of the saloons, a crowd collecting upon the stern-guards.

"Some one overboard!" was the thought, and the cry that rung through the vessel. It reached the ear of the pilot, who, instantly ringing the "stop" bell, caused the paddle-wheel to suspend its revolutions, bringing the steamer to a sudden stop. The strong current, against which she was at the time contending, contributed to its suddenness.

Meanwhile, Jessie, the only one who had witnessed the mysterious catastrophe, was too much awed by its mystery to give any intelligible explanation to it. She could only frantically exclaim:

"My sister! carried up into the air! She has fallen into the water! Oh, save her! Save her!"

"In the water—where?" asked a voice, whose tone spoke of a readiness to respond to the appeal.

"Yonder—there—under that great tree. She was in the air first, then dropped down into the river. I heard the plunge, but did not see her after. She has sunk to the bottom. Merciful Heavens! Oh, Helen—sister! Where are you?"

The people were puzzled by these incoherent speeches. Both passengers above, and boatmen on the under-deck, were alike mystified. They stood as if spellbound.

Fortunately, one of the former had retained his presence of mind, and along with it his coolness. Fortunately, too, he had the courage to act under the emergency; as also the capacity, being a swimmer of the first class. It was he who had asked the question, "Where?"—the great, ereole, Louis Dapre. He only waited to hear the answer; while it was being given he hurriedly divested himself of his coat and foot-wear. In evening costume, his shoes were easily kicked off, white waistcoat and coat tossed aside at the same time. Then, without staying to hear half the given explanation, he sprang over the guards, and swam toward the spot pointed out.

Brave, noble fellow!" was the thought of Jessie, her admiration for the man—now her acknowledged savior—for the moment making her forget the peril in which her sister was placed.

But it now seemed less. Confident in her lover's strength, believing him capable of any thing, she felt almost sure that Helen would be saved.

She stood, as did every one else upon the steamer, watching with earnest, anxious eyes. Hers were more; they were flashing with wild, feverish excitement, gazing glances of hope at intervals alternating with the fixed gaze of fear—the expression of her feelings changing in correspondence.

There might be wonder at her hopes, but none at her fears. The moon had sunk to the level of the treetops, and the bosom of the river was in dark shadow, darker by the bank where the boat was drifting. But little chance there was to distinguish an object in the water—less for one swimming upon its surface. And then the river was deep, its current rapid, its waves turbid and full of dangerous eddies. In addition, it was a spot infested; well known to be the favorite haunt of that hideous reptile, the alligator, with the equally-dreaded gar-fish—the shark of the south-western rivers. All these things were in the thoughts of those who stood bending over the stern-guards of the Belle of Natchez; causing them anxiety for the fate, not only of the beautiful young lady who had fallen overboard, but the handsome, courageous gentleman who had plunged in, and was swimming on to her rescue.

Anxiety would be a light word—a slight, trivial feeling—compared with that throbbing in the breast, and showing itself in the countenance of Jessie Armstrong. Hers was the torture of suspense, of fear; gradually growing into the acute agony of despair, as time passed, and the rescuing swimmer returned not, nor was any thing to be seen of him in the shadowed water. Then her father, standing by her side, could do little to comfort her. He, too, was paralyzed with anxiety.

The steamer's boat had been manned, and set loose as quickly as could be done. It was now right over the spot where the swimmer had been last seen, and all eyes were turned upon it—all ears listening to catch a word of cheer.

Not long had they to listen. From the shadowed surface of the river came a shout sent up in joyous tones:

"She's saved!"

Then quickly after, spoke a rough boatman's voice:

"All right! We've got 'em both. Throw us the rope!"

The rope was thrown by ready hands, after which came the command, "Haul in!" A light, held high upon the steamer, flashed its beams down into the boat. Supported against its stern seat could be seen a lady, in a dress that had been white, now discolored by the red ochreous water still dripping from its skirts. Her head rested upon the knees of a man, whose scant garments were similarly saturated.

The lady appeared lifeless; and the first sight of her elicited an exclamation of sorrow from all upon the steamer.

The sadness continued but for a short time. A few minutes after she had been carried to her state-room, there came from it the report that Helen Armstrong still lived, and was out of danger. The old colonel himself imparted to his fellow-passengers this intelligence—joyfully received by every one of them.

Inside the state-room of the convalescent, after the old colonel had gone out, there was a little scene between the two sisters, with a conversation worth repeating.

"Tell me, Helen! Dear sister, don't be afraid to speak the truth. Why did you jump overboard?"

"Jump overboard! What are you talking about, Jessie?"

"I declare I don't know myself. It seems such a mystery, all of it. I saw you for some time up in the air, as if supported there, like an angel, on wings. I could almost make oath I saw you in that way. Of course it could only have been my fancy, frightened as I was at seeing you fall overboard. After that you appeared to drop straight down, your white skirt streaming after; and then I heard a plunge. Oh, Helen! it was fearful; both the fancy and the reality. What did it mean?"

"That was just what I was asking myself at the time you saw me suspended in the air; for I was so, dear Jessie. I soon afterward arrived at the explanation of it. Those fowling pieces, however exactly, were not of itself testimony sufficient to hang a man, even though Clancy's body had been found and the ball in it. Both these conditions were wanting to the chain of evidence. The body had not been found, and the bullet was only buried in the bark of a cypress-knee."

"The blood which it had carried with it into the wood was evidence of its having first passed through living flesh—whether that of man or animal could not be decided. The bullet-hole through the skirt of Darke's coat, connected with Clancy's gun having been found discharged, looked more like something from which a deduction could be drawn, unfavorable to the accused. Of this he had offered no explanation. After his arrest he had preserved a sullen silence, and refused to answer interrogatories."

"You're going to try me," he said, in answer to a question put by one of the sheriff's party; "I'll be time enough then to explain what appears to puzzle you."

The worst appearances against him had been his own behavior, as also that of the dog—both, to say the least, exceedingly suspicious. Of the latter he had given an explanation upon the ground; though it had failed to satisfy these of the searching party who were most prone to suspect him. And, now that time had elapsed, and they had sufficiently reflected upon it, his explanation seemed still less like the true one. His having once chastised Clancy's dog might, naturally enough, make the animal afterward spiteful toward him. But why had this spite not been shown while they were around the cottage, before setting out on their search? Why was it only made manifest, and in such bitter fashion, after they had arrived under the cypress—beyond doubt the place where the dog had last looked upon its master?

Although still nothing more than circumstantial, to many of those engaged in the inquiry, this bit of testimony appeared almost conclusive of Darke's guilt.

During the deliberations an additional item of evidence was contributed by Simeon Woodley, confidentially with Ned Heywood. It was that relating to the footprint which the former had observed by the swamp edge. Since the arrest, these men had gone thither, taking Darke's boots, which Woodley had surreptitiously secured, along with them. Like the bullet to the barrel of his gun, his boots were found to fit the tracks exactly. No others could have made those marks in the mud. So certified the two hunters.

It was another link added to the chain of circumstantial evidence, still further strengthening the testimony against the accused.

As these facts were brought forward, one after another, the group of deliberators seemed gradually subsiding into a fixed belief, likely soon to end in some sort of action. No resolve, however, had as yet been formed, when the little clock on the mantel struck twelve, midnight—not always a merry hour, but that night more than ever sad in the cottage of the Clancys.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BACKWOODS JURY IN DELIBERATION.

THE men who, after the second day's search, had been called by Clancy to the cottage, were few in number; being only her most intimate friends and well wishers. Most of the searchers had gone direct to their own homes.

Soon, however, the news spread abroad that the mother of the murdered man was herself stricken down. This, giving a fresh stimulus to sympathy, as well as curiosity, caused all to assemble anew—many starting from the beds to which they had betaken themselves after the day's fatigue.

Before midnight there was a crowd around the house, greater than any that had yet collected. And of the voices mingling in conversation, the tone was more excited than angry. It was only subdued in the presence of that corpse, lying cold upon its couch, its pale face turned appealingly toward them.

From the dead there was no need of any appeal to cause a demand for justice. Many of the living were loudly calling for it, and close to the chamber of death, a knot of men, with their heads near together, were discussing the ways and means of obtaining it.

In such cases there are always men who command. It may not be from any superiority of rank or wealth. In the hour of need the rightful chieftains—those whom God designed should lead—are recognized, and become acknowledged.

The group, composed principally of these, stood in front of the cottage, debating what was best to be done. It was a true backwoods jury, roughly improvised, and not confined to twelve, for there were more than twenty taking part in the proceeding. They had come together by a sort of tacit and common consent, and by the same had a foreman been appointed—Simeon Woodley.

The question in debate was at first twofold: Had Clancy been murdered? And, if so, who was his murderer? The former was soon decided in the affirmative. No one had the slightest doubt about the crime having been committed. The conjectures of all were turned toward the criminal. What proof could be brought forward to fix it on the man that day arrested, and who was now lying in the county jail, to await legal trial?

Every sign seen by any of the collected crowd, every incident that had transpired, was as calmly discussed, and carefully weighed by this rough, backwoods jury, as if it had been composed of the twelve best men to be found in the most civilized city. Perhaps with more intelligence—certainly with as much determination to arrive at a truthful verdict.

They discussed not only occurrences of which they had been made aware, but the motives that might lead to them. Among these last came prominently up the relations that had existed between the two men. There had been nothing hitherto known to tell of any hostility, that might lead to the commission of such a crime.

There was little said about Darke's relations with the family of the Armstrongs, and less of Helen Armstrong in particular. It was suspected that he had sought the hand of the young lady; but no one thought of Clancy having been his rival. Up to that time Colonel Armstrong had maintained a proud position. It was not likely he would have permitted his daughter to think of marrying with a man circumstanced as Charles Clancy.

Clancy's love secret had been carefully kept. None were privy to it; a few only suspecting it—among these his mother.

Had the deliberating backwoodsmen but known that he had been Darke's rival suitor, still more, the successful one, it would have given a different turn to their deliberations—almost the key to the crime. Than such motive, nothing points more surely to murder.

Had Helen Armstrong been herself present among them, or near—anywhere that she could have had tidings of the tragic events exciting the settlement—there would have been no difficulty about their coming to a conclusion. The self-constituted jury would, in all probability, have been told something to elicit from them a quick verdict, an equally quick sentence, with, perhaps, its instant execution.

But Helen Armstrong was no longer there—no longer near. By that time she must have been hundreds of miles from the place, she and all related to her. Any secret she could have revealed was not available for the trial going on by the widow Clancy's cottage.

And, as no one suspected her of having such secret, her name was only mentioned incidentally, without any thought of her being able to throw light upon the dark mystery they were endeavoring to make clear. For several hours they remained in deliberation, weighing the testimony that had been laid before them.

The circumstances that seemed to fix the guilt upon Darke were repeatedly passed in review, and still they did not bring conviction—at least, not complete. No one of them but might have been compatible with his innocence. A bullet fitting a smooth-bore fowling piece, however exactly, was not of itself testimony sufficient to hang a man, even though Clancy's body had been found and the ball in it. Both these conditions were wanting to the chain of evidence. The body had not been found, and the bullet was only buried in the bark of a cypress-knee.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A VOLUNTARY WITNESS.

THE tolling of the clock seemed the announcement of a crisis. For a time it silenced the voices of those conversing, both inside the house and out. And scarce had the last stroke ceased to vibrate on the still night air, when a new voice was heard, one that had not yet taken part in the deliberations. It sounded as coming from the road gate.

"Mass' Woodley in da?" spoke some one, interrogatively; the question addressed to the group gathered in front of the house.

"Yes; he's here," simultaneously answered several.

"Kin I 'peak a wuf wid you, Mass' Woodley?" again asked the inquirer at the gate.

"Surely," said the hunter, separating from the others and striding toward the road entrance.

"I rock'n I know that voice," he added, on drawing near. "It's Blue Bill, ain't it?"

"Hush, Mass' Woodley! For Gornamity's sake don't 'peak out ma name. Not fo' all de wuld let dem people hear it. Ef dey do, dis nigga am lost."



"Why, Bill; what's the matter? Why talk so mysterious? Is there anything wrong? Oh! now I think o't, you're out from the quarter after time. Never mind, my boy; I'll not betray you. But what he's come about?"

"Foller me, Mass' Woodley: I tell yer all. I dacent 'lay hya, lees some ob dem folk see me. You kum little way from de house, into de wood groun'! den I tell you wha' fotch me out. Blue Bill hab somethin' say to you berry partickler. 'Tam a ting ob life an' def.'"

Woodley did not stay to hear more; but, lifting the latch, quietly drew open the gate and passed out into the road. Then following the negro, who flitted like a shadow before him, the two were soon standing under cover of some bushes that formed a strip of thicket along the side of the road.

"Now, what is it?" asked Woodley of the coon-hunter, whom he well knew from having often met him in his midnight rambles.

"Mass' Woodley, you wants know who killed Mass' Charl' Clancy?"

"Why, Bill, that's the very thing we're all talkin' 'bout, an' tryin' to find out. In course we want to know. But who is that to tell us?"

"Dis nigga."

"Air ye in earnest, Bill?"

"So much in earnest dat I ha'n't got no chance go sleep till I hab reveal de secret. De ole ooman neider. No, Mass' Woodley, Phoebe sho no let me res till I do dat same. She say I am de duty ob a Christyun man, an' we bowt 'long to de Methodies. Darfore, I now tell ye, de man who killed Charl' Clancy am my own massa—the young un—Mass' Dick."

"Bill! are ye sure o' what ye say?"

"So sho I kin swa it as de troof, de whole troof, an' nuffin but de troof."

"But what proof have ye?"

"De proof! I most se'd it wif ma own eyes. If I didn't see, I heerd it wif ma own ears."

"By the t'arnal! this looks like cl'ar evydence at last. Tell me, Bill, all that you see'd an' what you heern?"

The reader already knows both what Blue Bill saw and what he heard.

In ten minutes after Simeon Woodley was equally well acquainted with it; the coon-hunter having given him a full detail of all that had occurred on that occasion when his coon-chase was brought to such an unsatisfactory termination.

To the backwoodsman it was not a surprise. He had already arrived at a fixed conclusion, and Bill's revelation was in correspondence with it.

On hearing it, he but said:

"White runnin' off, your master let fall a letter, did he? You picked it up, Bill? Ye've got it?"

"Hya's dat eydentikl dokymant."

The negro handed over the epistle, the photograph still inside it.

"All right, Bill! I reckon this oughter make things to'ably cl'ar. Now, what d'ye want me to do?"

"Lor! Mass' Woodley! You knows bes. I've acedn't tell ye dat. Ef ole Eph'm Darke hear wha dis nigga hab been an' gone an' dud, de life ob Blue Bill wouldn't be with a ole coon-skin—no; not so much as a corn-shuck. I se get de coo-hide ebbery hour ob de day and de night too. I se get flog to def, satin' sho."

"You right thar, I reckon," rejoined the hunter; and then continued, reflectively:

"Yes; you'd be sarved putty severe if they war to know on't. Wal, it musn't be, and won't be—that I promise ye, Bill. Your evydence wouldn't count for any thin' in a law court, nohow. Tharfor, we won't bring ye forrad; so don't you be skeart. I guess we shan't want no more testimony, and thar ain't likely to be any cross-kwestenin' lawyers in the case. Now, d' you slip back to yer quarters, and g'fe yerself no furrer cysarn. I'll see you shan't git into any trouble."

With this emphatic promise the old deer and bear hunter separated from the less pretentious votary of St. Hubert; as he did so, giving the latter a squeeze of the hand that told him he might go back in confidence to the negro-quarter and sleep by the side of his sable spouse without fear.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

With impatience the backwoods jury awaited the coming back of their foreman. With impatience, for, before his leaving them, they had well-nigh resolved upon a verdict, with a sentence, and the mode of carrying it into execution. One after another had stepped across the threshold of the cottage, entered the chamber of death, and looked upon the corpse of Clancy's mother—whom they all regarded as having been murdered, as much as her son.

And one as another, after gazing on that pale face, that seemed making its mute appeal to them for justice—for vengeance—came out muttering a vow that there should be both; some loudly vociferating it, with the emphasis of an oath.

It did not now need what Simeon Woodley had in store to excite them to instant action. Already were they sufficiently inflamed. The furore of the mob, with all its maddened vengeance, had been gradually permeating their minds, and had almost reached its culminating point.

Still had they sufficient calmness to keep them patient a little longer, and hear what Woodley had to say. They knew, or suspected, that he had been called from them on some matter connected with the subject under consideration. At such a time who would have dared interrupt their deliberations for any trivial purpose? Although none of them recognized Blue Bill's voice, adroitly disguised as it had been, they knew it was that of a negro. This, however, was no reason why the hunter should not have received some communication, likely to throw fresh light on the affair; and, once more gathering around him, they demanded what he had to tell; then respectfully listened.

He told them all he had heard, without making known who was his informant, or in any way compromising the brave fellow with a black skin who had risked life itself by making disclosure of the truth.

To this the old hunter only referred in a slight manner. They all understood its significance, and none pressed him for more minute explanation.

"My informant," he said, after finishing the chapter of occurrences communicated by the coon-hunter, "has given me the letter dropped by Dick Darke, which, as I've told ye, he picked up. Here it is. Prehaps it may throw some more light on the matter; though I guess you'll all agree wif me that the thing's cl'ar enough already."

They all did agree. A dozen voices had

already declared, were still declaring it; most of them shouting out, "What need to talk any more? Charles Clancy's been killed—he's been murdered! Dick Darke's the man that did it!"

It was not now from any lack of convincing evidence, but rather a feeling of curiosity, that prompted them to call for the reading of the letter the hunter held in his hand. Its contents might have no bearing upon the case. Still there could be no harm in knowing what they were.

"You read it, Henry Spence! You're a scholar, an' I ain't," said Woodley, handing the letter over to a young fellow of learned look, the schoolmaster of the settlement.

Spence took the letter, stepping close up to the porch, into which some one had carried a candle. Holding the epistle before the light, he first read the superscription, which was in a lady's handwriting.

"To Charles Clancy," he said.

"Charles Clancy!"

Half a score voices pronounced the name, all in a similar tone—that of surprise. One asked:

"Was that letter dropped by Dick Darke?"

"It was," said Woodley, to whom the question was addressed.

"Have patience, boys!" urged an elderly man. "Don't interrupt till we hear what's in it."

They all took the hint, and remained silent.

But when the envelope was laid open, and a photograph drawn out showing the portrait of a young lady recognized by all as the likeness of Miss Armstrong, there was a fresh outburst of exclamations betokening renewed surprise.

On the inscript being read—"HELEN ARMSTRONG, FOR HIM SHE LOVES"—it began to assume a significant shape. The letter was addressed to Charles Clancy; to him the picture must have been sent. A love affair between Miss Armstrong and the man who had been murdered! A new revelation to all, astounding as significant!

"Go on, Spence! Read the letter!" called out an impatient voice.

"Yes, read the letter! We're on the right track now, I reckon," added another.

The epistle was taken out of the envelope. The schoolmaster, unfolding it, read aloud the contents, already before the reader.

"And that letter was found on Dick Darke?" questioned a voice from the crowd, as soon as the reading had come to an end and the name of the writer been announced.

Woodley: "and therefore ye may say it war found on him."

"You're sure of that, Simeon Woodley?"

"Wal, a man can't be sure o' a thing unless he sees it. I didn't see it myself wif my own eyes. For all that, I've had proof cl'ar enough to convince me; an' I'm ready to stan' at the back o' it."

"Durn the letter!" exclaimed one of the impatient ones, who had already spoken; and the picker, too, don't mistake me, boys. I ain't returnin' eyther to the young lady as wrote it nor him she wrote it to. I only mean that neither letter nor piker are needed to prove what we're all wantin' to know, an' do know. They ain't, nor warn't required, nohow. To my mind, from the first go, nothin' ked be clearer than that Charley Clancy has been killed, 'cepting as to who killed him—murdered him, if ye will; for that appears more like what's been done. Is there a man on the ground who don't know the name o' the murderer?"

The interrogatory was answered by a unanimous negative, coupled with the name "Dick Darke."

And along with the answer commenced a significant movement throughout the crowd. Threats were heard—some muttered, some spoken aloud—while men were observed looking to their guns, and scattering off to ward their horses, that stood hitched along the roadside fence.

In ten minutes after, these horses were in motion, with riders upon their backs, moving along the road between Clancy's cottage and the county town—the county jail. They formed a cavalcade, if not regular in line of march, terribly imposing in its aspect.

Could Richard Darke, inside the cell where he was confined, have but seen those marching horsemen, heard their threats, and witnessed the excited gestures that accompanied them, he would have shaken in his shoes, and with a trembling worse than any ague the swamp fever could have given him.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

## Linda's Discovery.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I do wonder if I really love him?"

Reckless of a doubtful question it was that Linda Cameron asked herself, as she sat leaning her pretty little head on one delicate hand, from which the sleeve fell away to the elbow, displaying as faultlessly modeled an arm, as white, round and plump as a Psyche's.

Her eyes were a perfect miracle of anxious thought, as they were bent intently on the snow-bound walks just outside the window; she didn't seem to be seeing any thing, unless it were the thoughts that were crowding through her busy brain.

And, in truth, Miss Linda Cameron had a very important question to settle that very day, no less a question than to tell Harry Jenner whether or not his offer of marriage was to be accepted or refused.

Harry Jenner might or might not have been flattered had he seen the cunning little frowns on Linda's white forehead as she thought it all over; perhaps he would have agreed, with many other sensible people, that a girl, who really loved, did not require a moment's decision; but then, for all Linda's bright, plump, sunny ways, she was not much given to impulsiveness, and now, for the very reason that she could not at once tell her own mind regarding Mr. Harry Jenner, she wisely concluded to inquire of her heart very closely before she surrendered it to him, or refused it forever.

She was perfectly satisfied with this lover of hers on several points. Neither she or any one else could pretend to deny that Harry was remarkably good-looking; even now, Linda's heart fluttered at the memory of the ardent beauty in his black eyes when he bent them on her own sweet face in such a devoted, passionate sort of way that seemed to look her through and through.

But, then, it was not those eyes alone, but his short, waving black hair, that never was disarranged, and that yet never bore the faintest trace of premeditated arrangement; thick, massive hair, that curved down over

his forehead somewhat, then appeared to go back of its own accord, in loose, graceful waves.

But better than those personal charms, in Linda's eyes—and I am a little inclined to think it was an especial weakness of hers—was the air of style and dash Harry wore so perfectly. It was impossible to embarrass him, no matter what the circumstance or combination of circumstances; he always was the same easy, graceful, gentlemanly fellow, with a laugh and a gay word for every one.

Linda was thinking of all this as she sat curled up in the green rep arm-chair by the window with her head on her hand; and I am fain to confess that as she pictured Harry's external attractions to herself, his chances of her acceptance of him increased accordingly; for Linda Cameron, like many another girl, wanted a "handsome" husband.

"So you are going to marry Harry Jenner, eh?"

And old aunt Elsie peered at Linda from over her steel-bound spectacles with eyes, though sunken and faded, yet as keen and bright as they had had been a score of years earlier.

She was a jolly, clever old lady, aunt Elsie Cameron, and not an old maid either, for all she wore the most precise of white net caps, with white satin strings, that were precisely three-quarters of a yard long and an inch and a half wide; and the most Quakerish of dove-colored silks.

Linda dearly loved aunt Elsie, and hailed her annual visit of the last fortnight in January as only a motherless girl can who yearns for somebody of her own sex to "talk to" and "tell things to" that are too sacred for even friendship's ears.

So of course Linda had told aunt Elsie all about Harry and Harry's elegance and style, and Harry's proposal—and her own almost completed decision.

Aunt Elsie listened very attentively and sympathizingly while Linda enlarged on her handsome lover's fine points, and then, when she had finished, and awaited a reply, with flushing cheeks and star-bright eyes, she was not a little astonished at aunt Elsie's quiet reply.

"I am afraid I shall not like him, dear. I am afraid he is too vain to be a true man, and I am sure you would not want for a husband a man who thought only of his looks and manners. Is he intelligent?"

Linda's eyes flashed a little at that question.

"Indeed he is—or how could he converse so finely? Why, aunt Elsie, he can repeat whole poems from Tennyson."

A curious little smile flashed over aunt Elsie's lips and behind her glasses; a smile, half-contemptuous, half-pitiful.

"Yes, dear, but the one may arise from a good memory, and the other from much observation, and a well-developed organ of self-esteem, that lends assurance and success."

Linda's red lips pouted a little.

"You have been prejudiced, auntie. Of course if you are determined to see no good qualities in Harry, I may as well say no more about him."

"I never even heard his name before today, Linda, child. I am not trying to discourage you, only I feel so sure he is not the man for you. I am so confident of this, from your own loving description, too, that I am tempted to try to prove my words."

"If you can, I am willing to listen."

But Linda smiled proudly, as she spoke, at the idea of such a gentleman as Mr. Jenner being inquired into.

Aunt Elsie saw the smile, and resolved to make her suspicions good, if it were at all possible.

"Give me till dinner-time, Linda—it's one now—and before Mr. Jenner calls this evening for his answer I will tell you the result of my plan."

The cuckoo clock on the mantel, over the grate, had sung six as Linda entered the dining-room, to find aunt Elsie placidly knitting under the chandelier.

Linda had changed her dress for one more elaborate—a green-trained Irish poplin, that was very becoming to her. She had gathered one pink rose-bud and three or four geranium leaves from her plants in the bay-window, and laid them lightly above her forehead, on her bright brown hair that she had arranged *Pompadour*, and slightly crepe.

She was very pretty, and quite nervous as she walked over to aunt Elsie, and looked down in her face.

"Well?"

Aunt Elsie laid aside the cherry and chin-chilla pulse-warmer she was knitting for Mr. Cameron, and gazed up in the piquant, scarlet-stained face that was so fraught with questioning eagerness.

"Linda, child, my suspicions are confirmed. Shall I tell you all?"

Shade flitted over Linda's face.

"Of course I want to know what there is bad about him."

"Perhaps you will not think it absolutely bad, but I am sure you will agree with me that a young gentleman who owes for six weeks' washing and ironing, and spends twice that amount on flowers and chromos for you, is not a true nobleman."

Linda flushed a little.

"Oh! is that all he has done so terrible?"

Aunt Elsie would not notice the sarcasm in her voice, but went on, quickly:

"I think that is very bad, indeed. But, his landlady—of—... I learned all these particulars, and whom I found to be an old acquaintance of mine—tells me he is in her debt nearly fifty dollars."

"Then, why does she keep him?"

"Because, like you, dear, she finds him so very pleasant and gentlemanly. She took me up in his room, too, Linda."

Linda gave a little cry of amazement.

"Oh, aunt Elsie! you never did that!"

"Why not? I am sixty-seven years old, and have your interest at heart. Yes, Linda, I went in his room, and there I discovered the key-stone I was after."

Linda, dear, you would hardly go into such honest raptures over Mr. Jenner's fine figure, his splendid complexion and elegant hair if you saw what I saw."

"What?"

Linda was almost crying now, for aunt Elsie was speaking very soberly.

"There were Mr. Harry Jenner's corsets, Linda, with which he makes his waist so slender and round. There were paints and powders, too, on his toilet table; and a pair of curling tongs on the mantel."

And Linda, you will hardly believe me, but with my own eyes I saw a pair of false insteps lying beside his slippers."

Linda suddenly sprang up from her chair,

her astonishment and disgust becoming too strong for her. She paced the floor several times with rapid, uneven steps, and then paused before aunt Elsie.

"I sacredly believe every word of it, auntie; and I am much obliged to you."

Then, before the old lady could speak, her eyes flowed over with tears, and she hurried away to battle with herself.

It had touched her in a very tender spot, after all.

How good-looking, and no doubt, as he bent over Linda's hand in such a tenderly, loving way.

"And what is the answer, Linda, darling? Am I to have this dear hand?"

And then she drew her haughty little head proudly up and confronted him.

"Mr. Jenner, you are not to have me or my hand or my money. If you wish, I will pay your washerwoman's and boarding-house bills, but I utterly refuse to find you in paint, powder, corsets, curling-irons and false insteps."

How her voice rang out! and while he looked at her a second in well-feigned incredulity, aunt Elsie stepped quickly forward.

"Linda is correct, sir. I have had the honor of a call at your dressing-room during your absence."

And with Linda's flashing eyes annihilating him, and aunt Elsie laughing ironically, Harry Jenner made the most hastily ungraceful exit he ever accomplished.

And now, girls, a word in your ears, privately.

Just remember, when you are accused of all sorts of petty vanities, that men say you resort to them to lighten your charms and enslave their poor, susceptible hearts, just remind them that gentlemen have been known to indulge in such things, and yet not win their "ladies fair," after all.

## All's Well that Ends Well.

BY EYA EVERGREEN.

I'm sure that's a great comfort! for if the fate of most experiences was determined by their beginning, the majority of them would be doleful enough, I can assure you! And now for an illustration of my theory.

All the world knew, (or at least, all that part of the world who troubled themselves in any way about it,) that there did not live in all Lakeville, a prettier girl than Miss Nellie Johnson, and they were also unanimous in their verdict that a handsomer or more agreeable young man than John Sheldon could not be found for ten miles or more from said village.

Now of course with that affectionate regard for the welfare of others that specially characterizes them, two or three of the head gossips of Lakeville felt it incumbent upon them to put their sage heads together and announce, "what a nice match it would make if John Sheldon was to marry Miss Nellie! they were just of a size, too, and would look so nice walking up to the altar together, and then they were well acquainted with them, you know, and they would be sure to be invited."

Now, all these things considered, it would only have been manifesting a due regard for their feelings, if Miss Nellie and Mr. Sheldon had made the so ardently desired match; and especially as they were so often together at picnics and parties, as to raise the hopes of their friends to the highest point. But as several months went on, and matters seemed no more encouraging than they were at the beginning, the worthy gossips' visages lengthened perceptibly.

"It was so strange that they would not come to the point! But perhaps he had proposed, and had been rejected! and yet they couldn't see what she wanted to do, or what for she might be very glad to have him," etc.

Now the truth of the matter was, that Miss Nellie would have been not only very glad, but exceedingly delighted if the handsome John had propounded to her the all-important question; for his constant attentions to her had produced an impression upon her susceptible heart, which would have made it any easy matter to have won her consent to be his; and the pretty damsel was perplexed and not a little vexed at his tardiness in coming to the desired point.

And now to tell another truth, (for truth is a most wholesome and refreshing commodity, and we can't have too much of it in these degenerate times,) the gallant John was full as much in love with Nellie as she was with him; he thought of her by day and dreamt of her by night; signed his name to papers and documents instead of his own, and was very often obliged to write a whole letter over again, in consequence of having made some such mistake.

Why then did he not make known to Miss Nellie the feelings that agitated his manly bosom? Well, the truth is, (you see I am in a remarkably ingenious mood to-day, and could fill an order for any amount of truths!) he was afflicted with bashfulness; the horrible fear that he might discover that his affection had not been returned, and that his offer might be "declined with thanks" prevented him from divulging his long-cherished sentiments.

Now wasn't this a most distressing state of affairs? However, "a bad beginning makes a good ending," so as this beginning was unusually bad, there were grounds for hope that it might turn out well after all. And so it did, as I, out of consideration for the breathless suspense under which you are no doubt laboring, reader, will hasten to relate.

A grand picnic was to be held, in a wood about half a mile from Lakeville; the last picnic of the season, for the summer festivities were about over. All the girls of course were directed to look their prettiest, and the beaux were expected to be as gallant as possible, in order to make the day such a one as should linger in the minds of the fair sex, until the next summer brought a repetition of like enjoyments.

As Nellie had expected, the evening before it was to come off Mr. Sheldon called upon her, and requested the privilege of escorting her the next day, which was readily given; and after a few desperate efforts to start a conversation upon general topics, all the while longing and yet dreading to speak of the matter uppermost in his mind, our friend John took his leave, muttering to himself as he strode moodily homeward:

"What a confounded fool I am! There I had a chance to speak to her to-night, and I let it slip by me! If I was only sure she loves me as I do her! the little darling! it might give me courage. But I can't stand this much longer. I'll try to find a chance to

speak to her to-morrow, and learn my fate, whatever it may be!"

The next morning dawned clear and bright. A merry group of girls and beaux were congregated in front of Farmer Martin's, from which place they were to start; and never did Nellie look more lovely than then, in her tasty little picnic suit, and the pretty hat that shaded her piquant face, and the bright ribbons of which fell about her sunny curls. So thought John Sheldon as he gazed lovingly and admiringly down upon the little white hand that rested upon his arm.

Well, the party started, and soon reached the picnic grounds, where they engaged in various games. The morning wore away, and afternoon came on, and still the state of affairs as regarded our hero and heroine were as distressingly unpromising as ever. At last, screwing up his courage to its utmost, and bestowing any amount of complimentary epithets upon himself for his lack of it, Mr. Sheldon turned to Nellie as they finished lunch, and said with attempted carelessness:

"Suppose we stroll down to the lake, Miss Johnson. It is quite cool and inviting. Will you come?"

"Thank you, I will," and springing up, Nellie took his arm, and they strolled off together.

They soon reached the desired spot, and seated themselves under a shady tree. Nellie threw off her hat, and played nervously with its streamers.

"We have had a very pleasant time here, don't you think so?" Mr. Sheldon asked at length.

"Yes, very," Nellie smiled in reply.

"And it will be the last one of the season, I believe."

"Yes."

"I have enjoyed these picnics more this summer than I ever have before," pursued Mr. Sheldon. "I don't know why, but it is so."

"And so have I!" said Nellie, with some enthusiasm. "I am so sorry this is the last one."

John was looking at her as she said this, and as his eye caught the quick flush that sprang to her cheek, a sudden hope rose in his heart.

"Why are you sorry?" he asked, bending toward her.

"Oh, because," began Nellie; then feeling her voice grow untidy, she paused, abruptly.

"Won't you tell me?" John asked, still more earnestly.

Nellie hesitated a moment, and then was just about to speak, when a voice called, "Mr. Sheldon," and at the same instant one of the party sprang down before them.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said; "I wanted to ask you to come and help me put up a swing. It won't take but a few moments."

"Very well," and not daring to look at Nellie, who appeared very much engaged in examining a flower at her feet, John hurried off.

No sooner were they out of sight, than Nellie, vexed at this untimely interruption, burst, girl-like, into tears.

"I wish Tom Ray had been in Guinea, before he had been invited here," she sobbed, "to take Mr. Sheldon off, just as he was about to—to—"

but another burst of tears, prevented further utterance.



## THE TEAMSTER'S STORY.

BY DAVID PAULING.

Yes, stranger. I've seen queer things in my life. And the queerest of all was when I caught my wife. No; she didn't leave, nary a time, not much. That gal was true as steel; she wasn't none such. I mean, "when I caught her," when she said "yes," and made me the happiest man in Frisco then, I guess.

I used to drive a team from Marysville to Frisco; never missed my journey, through rain or snow; Kiddy'd laid down on her route near Marysville. A good-hearted one too, was this Red Eye Phil. He sold good red-eye at the ranche, and that's the way.

He got that title. His right name though, was Ray. One cold winter's night when my journey was done, I started to see Phil and have a night of fun; the trail was plain when I started, but it commenced to snow.

But I kept on till the trail was covered; then, what to do I didn't know, for I soon lost sight of the track and tried for to turn 'round and make my way back.

There's no doubt about it, it made my heart quit. When I found nothing to guide me, a perfect blind trail.

Then I saw the storm I heard a woman's voice cry, and I knew by the sound some lost creature was nigh. I hastened my steps and soon, on the cold ground, I came across Kiddy Ray in her night-gown.

Yes, she'd walked in her sleep. Queer, but a fact; Out in the cold she'd woke up and, like me, lost the track.

Hunted for shelter, and, gal-like, commenced to cry; Squatted down in the snow and gave up to die. I off with my coat, wrapped it 'round her light, and we sat freezing together all that long night.

Morning came; we got up and started ahead. Me carrying Kiddy, both more a half-dead. I never carried a burden so dear, in my life. For, during that night she'd agreed to be my wife. Stranger, we're neither one sorry, though we are old. That sleep took her walking that night in the cold.

## Mad Agnes' Warning.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

DURING the summer of 1794, Colonel Jasper McDonald, while operating with Wayne in the punishment of the savages of Ohio, received a troublesome wound from a poisoned arrow, which necessitated his temporary retirement from active service, and accordingly he retired to the house of a friend on the banks of the Maumee, and in sight of the British fort, Miami.

The attentions received from his friends spoke well for his speedy recovery, notwithstanding the amount of virus the barb had infused into his system, and he hoped to be with his veterans at the great battle which he knew was close at hand.

The Indians, as well as their British instigators, knew that McDonald was a host in himself, and one of the former, a scheming Arab named Coccoochee, swore by the Great Spirit and the bones of his forefathers, that the gallant American's voice should not be heard in the coming conflict.

Accordingly he plotted for the abduction if not murder of the officer; and the following narrative will inform the reader how the arch-planner succeeded.

It was the custom of McDonald to stroll to the banks of the Maumee every evening, and enjoy the rejuvenating atmosphere to be found only there.

He never dreamed of danger, though he never went entirely unarmed.

A small number of the Indians in that section of the country at the period of which we write, professed friendship to the Americans, and Coccoochee with several of his braves joined them. He made frequent visits to the house whose hospitality Colonel McDonald enjoyed, and together the twain plotted how they might best aid Wayne in his perilous campaign.

All this fawning friendship on Coccoochee's part looked to the accomplishment of his dark plans.

"Coccoochee has won other braves to his views," said the savage one day to McDonald. "They would like to have a talk with their pale-face brother; but dare not come here."

"Ah!" ejaculated the officer, at the thought of rendering his country service by weakening her enemies. "Would they not come to the banks of the Maumee?"

The savage's eyes lighted up with anticipated triumph, which he speedily extinguished, and said in his oily tone:

"They would meet their white brother on the river-bank."

"When?"

"Just before the sun sets."

"To-day?"

"Coccoochee has spoken. He will cross the river directly, and tell his braves. Let the white soldier appear where the swift water runs into the land, two hours before sunset."

"I will do so, Coccoochee," said McDonald, eagerly. "Now be sure that you do not fail me."

"If Coccoochee fails to keep his word, look not in the sky for the sun. It will not be there."

The colonel saw the wily red-skin depart, and made preparations to meet the Indians at the inlet.

He did not inform the household of his engagement, as their sympathies were not strongly centered upon his countrymen, and he thought it expedient to keep a quiet tongue in his head.

His pathway led through a wooded slope, and when upon the acclivity he perceived a girl seated upon a log at the foot of the slope, making a wreath from quantities of woodland flowers.

The officer paused and gazed upon the picture a long time.

Though he had never beheld the face before—a face of angelic loveliness, but, oh! so sad—he knew that it belonged to a poor creature whom the people called Mad Agnes. Years before, thwarted in first love by her parents' reason, left its throne, and the harmless mania fled to the forests, where ever since she had lived.

The Indian hunters dreaded an encounter with her, whom they believed an instrument for some dire purpose in the hands of the Manitou, and fled like frightened sheep whenever she chanced to come in sight.

Often, at the hour of midnight, a low, plaintive song would zephyr its way throughout the forest, and break into a thousand mournful echoes far down the glimmering Maumee.

It was Mad Agnes' song.

The making of the wreath promising to be an endless task, McDonald stepped forward, hoping to surprise the maid and speak to her. But the snapping of a dry twig beneath his feet startled the mania, and with a frightened cry, she darted to her feet.

Suddenly the officer paused, for she was singing:

"They wait on the banks of the lucent stream,  
Where the water runs into the land;  
They wait on the banks of the lucent stream,  
A treacherous red-skin band!"

Every syllable of the mad singer's song fell distinctly upon McDonald's ears; and as the last note died away, Mad Agnes disappeared.

"Is it prophecy?" soliloquized the soldier. "If not, why would she sing thus? Ay, why? I can not believe Coccoochee a traitor; but that verse causes me to doubt his honesty. Yes," after a long pause, during which he had given himself up to profound thoughts regarding his position, "I will proceed, but shall be on my guard. And with the first sign of treachery from Coccoochee, even a wink to one of his braves, I'll shoot him down, though I fall a corpse the following second."

He seated himself upon the log lately occupied by Mad Agnes, and examined his pistols. New priming being sadly needed, he accordingly administered it and resumed his journey.

When he emerged from the wood he discovered three Indians lying on the luxuriant grass a short distance from the inlet, at whose bank two birchen canoes, containing several braves, were moored.

The Indians on the sward noticed his approach, and rose to their feet. One of them was Coccoochee.

He advanced and grasped the colonel's hand in a friendly manner, and introduced him to his brother braves, who desired to assist in aiding Mad Anthony.

McDonald noticed that the Indians did not resent themselves, and that the eyes of those in the boats were never taken off him. All this he thought savored of treachery, and he watched the movements of Coccoochee with eagle eyes.

Suddenly he noticed the chief's hand about to describe a circle above his head, while his baleful eyes flashed upon one of the braves who stood at his left, toying with his tomahawk. Rightfully interpreting the sign, the forewarned soldier sprang back, as quick as thought his pistols flew from his bosom, and Coccoochee rolled upon the green, soulless.

The smoke had not cleared away from the muzzle of the first pistol, when the second cracked, and a second brave followed Coccoochee. The remaining savage instantly dashed upon the colonel, and dealt him a blow upon the head which laid the skull bare, and stretched him senseless and bleeding beside his victims.

Then with a yell of triumph the red victor drew his scalping-knife, and had caught the silver-tinged locks, when a singular cry smote his ears, and looking up, he beheld a young girl, with long raven tresses, rushing toward him.

"The Manitou's evil spirit!" he cried, instantly desisting from his diabolical purpose, grasping his rifle, and fleeing toward the boats, as Mad Agnes plowed the colonel's head upon her lap.

When the Indians disappeared, which they did as soon as possible, the maniac brought water from the inlet, washed the gory brow, and saw McDonald restored to consciousness.

Just at this moment the soldier's friends, having heard the report of the pistols, arrived upon the tragic spot, and one of them detained his preserver as she turned to seek her wooded haunt again.

She was taken to the dwelling, where, singular to relate, she recovered her reason, and forgot the clouded past.

It is probable that she had overheard the savages discussing their plans.

The colonel's last wound proved to be very slight, and he recovered in time to be present at the signal victory of "The Fallen Timbers," where he lent Wayne invaluable aid.

When McDonald returned east, Agnes Rogers—once "Mad Agnes"—accompanied him, and eventually married one of his sons.

## Recollections of the West.

## Davy Crockett's Shooting-Match.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

THE TOWN of Nacogdoches was in a state of great excitement over the news from "the West."

The war of Independence (with Mexico) had been fairly inaugurated, and the sturdy backwoodsmen from the Brazos, Trinity and Neches bottoms were gathering to take part in the fray. Their long rifles were up on their shoulders and their pouches filled with newly-run balls, every one of which was destined for "break ground" on the body of a greaser.

This expression of "break ground," or "bust the crust," was considered a huge joke by these bluff Texans, who declared that no bullet could enter the body of a Mexican, without first penetrating the half-inch of dirt that years of uncleanness had deposited there.

As it was utterly impossible that these men could, even for a day, remain quietly in town, and like other respectable citizens, dawdle away the hours until time to move, by sitting on stile-blocks, door-steps and "store-boxes," an impromptu shooting-match was arranged, and the "crust-busters" adjourned in a body to a neighboring grove, there to have a test of skill with their favorite weapon.

"I did swar," said one, "that nary a darned hunk of lead in this here pouch shed be wasted 'cept onto a greaser, nor they shan't, for I'll run 'em over ag'in, every cussed one on 'em."

The idea was a good one and was generally adopted, and such a digging for battered balls, after the match was over, was never seen before or since.

They had been at it for an hour or more, and all but the crack shots—"the nail-drivers"—had dropped out, leaving the contest between them, when "a solitary horseman," mounted on the sorriest-looking steed that munched fodder, rode out of the timber near at hand, and drew rein just on the outskirts of the crowd.

Both horse and rider bore every appearance of having made a long and arduous journey.

The latter was a man slightly above the average height, of spare, but muscular build, dressed out and out in buck-skin that had seen considerable wear and tear, and armed with the longest, heaviest, and most elaborately mounted rifle that had ever been seen in these parts. In addition to this weapon, he wore in his belt a pair of long, rifled pistols and a broad-bladed bowie knife.

To the casual observer there was nothing particularly noticeable in the stranger's appearance, save his eye, which was a dark gray, very large, and so keen in its expression, that, as one of the company said, "thundered things jes' bored a hole clean through a feller."

The advent of the stranger upon such a war-horse, was the signal for various witty and sarcastic remarks; for in that country, where every one owned and rode the very best of horses, there was nothing that would bring ridicule upon a man so quickly as for him to own, and be seen mounted on, even an indifferent one.

For a few moments the crowd stood silently regarding the new-comer and the sorry steed, and then they opened fire.

"Well I wish I may be shot of ever I see such a hoss as that!" exclaimed a tall, red-headed settler, intently regarding the drooping steed.

"Hullo, stranger! hain't ther buzzarts been a-fightin' uv yur on the road?" asked a second.

"Why, Dave, them buzzarts ar' a-playin' seven-up for the critter, an' ther game hain't out yet!" shouted a third.

"Stranger, do it suck stumps fur a livin'?" earnestly asked another, coming close up, and feeling the animal's ribs tenderly.

"Him an' ther hoss must 'a rid an' tied turn about, or durn me if hit ever would 'a reached hyar."

"Oh, pslaw! won't them greasers git up an' git when they sees them two a-comin'!" cried yet another.

And so the running fire was kept up, while the stranger, still seated upon the unfortunate animal, calmly regarded the crowd.

"Stranger, for goodness sakes do lile an' hang it up on a limb to rest!" kindly suggested the first speaker.

"Lots uv fun fur yur fellers, ain't it?" said the stranger, getting down and throwing the reins over the horse's neck, and looking around good-naturedly.

"Now, see hyar," he continued; "I war bound to reach Nacogdoches to-day, an' this animal was the last one left; so you see it war pull Dick or leg it Davy, so I straddled ther frame an' dug out for hyar. I'm a-freezin' to git old Sweetness here in range of the greasers, but pertickler do she lunker to be looked over at the old one-legged cuss, Santa Anner."

"Hooray, he's a trump. Darn the hoss!" and the tide immediately set in the new-comer's favor.

He met all advances frankly and in good humor, but there was a peculiar twinkle in his eye that, had they known the man, would have made them more cautious, perhaps, in what came after.

The crack shots resumed their target practice, and for half an hour or so used their rifles steadily, neither one gaining much the advantage over the other, as all shot closely.

In the interest of the match the stranger seemed to have, for the time, been forgotten, and he stood by, idly leaning upon his rifle, and apparently paying but little attention to what was going on.

Presently, however, he was accosted by one of the marksmen, who had just broken center.

"How's thet, stranger?" he shouted, cavoring around in a kind of a war-dance, and delivering a stunning slap between the other's shoulders. "Who sez I hain't the ring-tail squealer uv the Brazos bottoms? Clar the way an' let me shoot!" Then, suddenly changing his manner as he saw a quiet smile resting upon the stranger's face, he pranced up to him. "Mebby you think, stranger, as how you kin beat ther shootin' wif the gimcrack pop-gun uv your'n?"

"Well, neighbor, I calls her old Sweetness, an' I wouldn't be much astonished if she could sweeten thet shot of your'n. You see, 'tain't plum center, and when a man only breaks center, he don't win whar I kem from."

For a moment or two the big backwoodsmen stared at the speaker in helpless surprise.

He never had been beat at shooting in his life, so he said, and here was a man with a gingerbread gun saying he could sweeten him.

It was too much for human, or Texas nature, and he opened.

"Yur kin sweeten me! Oh, 'tarnal 'tarnation! What ar' ther kentry a-comin' to when a man as rides such a hoss as that stan' up an' sez he kin sweeten me. Hyar, Bill, yur an' the fellers kem hyar, fur the Lord's sake!"

The crowd quickly gathered around the two men, and the astonished settler again repeated the astounding proposition of the stranger sweetening him.

"Do 'ee mean, stranger, as how ther thing ken be did with that gun?"

The question was inexpressibly scornful as the speaker pointed to the "gim-crack pop-gun."

"Her name ar' old Sweetness, an' she don't ever go back onto herself. She ar' a Kaintuck' gun, lock, stock an' barr'l, an' I knows whar to hold her."

That was enough. A perfect howl of astonishment went up at the bold defiance, for such they took it to be, and immediately bets of every kind were poured in upon the stranger.

He took it all coolly, merely shifting his pistols a little more in front, for some of the crowd were evidently much excited, while others, having made repeated trips to the big oak, where the whisky-jug was, were inclined to be a little fractious.

"Hold on! One at a time, an' you'll hold out longer!" exclaimed the stranger. "Don't fret; I'll try an' 'comodate all on yur. I'm from the Black Jack hills uv old Salt River, an', by ther everlastin' constitution, I'll make somethin' 'bust in these regions afore I'm done!"

The stranger was beginning to get a little excited himself, and was now taking all bets, at fearful odds in his own favor, that were offered.

Rifles and their accoutrements, horses, whisky, bowie-knives, powder and ball, and a sprinkling of money were all in turn staked, and covered with an equivalent in Mexican dollars, of which the stranger seemed to have an abundance.

So it went on, until every man present, who at all pretended to skill with the rifle, had staked either his horse, rifle, or both together, with the various other articles mentioned above.

There had never before been a shooting-match in the neighborhood where so much was at stake, or where one man was to hold the field against a dozen or more of the best shots in Texas.

The news was quickly carried to town, and the entire population, men, women and children thronged to the grove to witness the unusual scene.

Taverns, stores, and even grog-shops, were inconspicuously closed, there being nobody left to buy or drink, and for once Nacogdoches was entirely deserted by its people.

While the crowd were gathering, preparations were made to begin the match.

Sixty yards "off hand" and every man to furnish his own target were the rules. Twelve shots each, and the greatest number of "centers" to win, was the first proposition, but when they came to remember that the stranger was to shoot each man separately, they cut it down to half the number of shots.

The first match was between the red-headed woodsmen and the stranger, red-head leading off with a ball that barely missed breaking the spot where the lines on the target crossed.

It was a good shot, and was greeted with wild shouts of applause, accompanied by jeers at the stranger.

The Texan delivered his six shots, four of which were "plum center," and the other two very close in.

The excitement was intense, for the target was a good one at that distance, so good, indeed, that there were few, if any, present who could beat it, and if the stranger should do so, then the remaining chances were all in his favor.

While the other was shooting, he was observed coolly wiping out his rifle, after which he selected a bullet with much care, and loaded.

It was now his turn to shoot, and having placed his target where the others had stood, he stepped to the mark and prepared for the venture.

Firmly bracing himself, he slowly drew up the heavy rifle, which, having reached a level, he began "wobbling" at a fearful rate, at the sight of which the crowd burst into series of discordant yells, shouts of laughter, and jeering expressions.

"Stan' ar, an' let ther Salt River squealer have elbow grease!"

"Durn'd if he ain't a-goin' ter shoot a ring round ther target!"

"Travel fur Kaintuck, an' git in a holler log!" and various other such expressions were shouted on every side.

Still the rifle continued to "wobble," and presently the shot was made.

"Six inches from center," was the cry of the judges, and then the fun began anew.

"Any more greaser shiners, stranger?" asked his antagonist, and again the betting began, the stranger taking all that was offered as long as his money lasted.

Again he reloaded and took his place at the line.

But a very decided change now took place.

The ponderous weapon rose to its place with the regularity of machinery, and then settled as immovably as the trunk of the great live oak that grew near by.

"Plum center" was the word this time, and so it was the next and the next, and so to the end of the five shots.

If ever there was an astonished crowd, that surely was the one.

Target after target was placed in position, and still the unerring "gimcrack pop-gun" told the same tale—always plum center—until all had been shot off.

Hyar's yur hoss, stranger," said red-head, bringing up the animal he had lost. "He ar' a good 'un, an' I hates to part with him powerful, but it saves me right fur bein' sech a durned fool."

Each man delivered over his losses fairly, until the lucky stranger was surrounded by a group of horses and mustangs, and in possession of rifles and "fixin's" enough to have equipped a small company.

Leaping upon a stump, after all had been delivered, he declared his intention of making a speech.

A faint "hooray" greeted him, and then, amid a profound silence, he began.

"Take my word fur it, feller-citizens, an' don't never jedge nuthar a man nor a gun by appearances. It won't work."

"I didn't kem to Nacogdoches on a shootin' speculation, an' I hope thar ain't a man hyar as will get his back up when I sez them bet's ar' all off. I know'd what I could do with thet gimcrack pop-gun, an' it ain't fair to hold the bargin'. All I wants is a good hoss to carry me to old Sam Houston. He sent fur me, an' I'm on my way. Who'll sell me his hoss?"

Amidst a perfect storm of yells and hoorays, a bargain was effected, and the stranger, dismounting from the stump, leaped lightly into the saddle on the back of his new purchase.

"One word more afore we parts. In all sech cases as this present, an' in ev'rything else, thar's one good rule to work by, an' ef you'll all foller it, you won't ever git fooled by a 'gimcrack pop-gun.'"

"What ar' it, stranger?" shouted the crowd.

Be sartin yur right, then go ahead," was the reply, as he grasped the reins and turned to go.

"One word, stranger," called red-head. "What mount yur name be?"

"Davy Crockett," came back to the astonished ears of the crowd, and he was off like the wind for the seat of war.

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## A CONTENTED MIND.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Although you hunt the world all through,  
You surely at wit not die,  
A purer blessing, brighter gift,  
Than a contented mind.

No matter what the fortune be,  
Or what the Fates deny,  
The man who owns that article,  
Can not be made to cry.

If business fails, or stocks go down,  
It's all the same to him;  
He's not disturbed about his hopes,  
Whether they sink or swim.

And though his wife is burning up,  
That man can feel resigned,  
And sit and smoke his pipe in peace  
With a contented mind.

## The King's Jealousy: OR, The Duke's Disgrace.

BY LAUNCE POUNTZ.

II.

THE queen was sitting in her chamber that night, surrounded by her ladies. The king had not visited her since the tournament, in which he had met with such signal defeat.

Francis was humiliated and enraged beyond measure. He had often fought incognito before, and had always been victorious. He little knew that the cause of his victories had been that he was recognized. It was the etiquette at court, to be vanquished by the "Unknown Knight," and the king had grown inordinately vain of his prowess at arms, from his frequent successes. But all his vanity had been rudely shocked by his treatment at the hand of Bourbon, when the latter thought him to be De Vaudrey, and his defeat was tenfold more galling as received from one whom his own jealous fancy and De Vaudrey's hints had turned into a rival in the affections of the queen.

Francis had not made his appearance at the evening's feast, but had sent word to the queen to preside in his place.

And therefore it became the duty of the Constable of France, in the exercise of his office, to attend at the queen's right hand, to stand in front of the king's vacant chair, and to preside over the ceremonies at the orders of the queen.

It had been a gloomy feast.

The etiquette of the court prevented any allusion to the tournament, because, in the tournament, the king had been worsted.

The courtiers were on pins and needles, nervous and apprehensive as to the proper way to treat Bourbon. He was the first man at court.

But—he had struck the king!

True, it was in a tournament, when blows were free to all, but then he had done something the vain king never forgave. He had beaten him before the queen. So that the feast proceeded in solemn silence, and every one was relieved when the queen gave the signal to leave the table.

Her majesty looked piqued and angry. She was offended with the king for the way in which he had treated her.

"Does the king think I am a child?" she said, in an angry tone, to the Countess of St. Pol, her chief lady-in-honor. "He could at least send word in what I had offended him; and as a knight he has failed in courtesy, this day. What is the matter with him, countess? You ladies must know. Out upon this court etiquette, which surrounds me with mystery all the time, and alienates me from the king! Speak, countess, and tell me what you know."

The Countess of St. Pol looked at the queen with a half-surprised manner.

"Is it possible that your majesty is not aware of the cause of the king's anger?" she demanded, at last.

"Ay, upon my soul!" said the queen, passionately. "He spoke to me this morning as he has never yet spoken since we were wed. What have I done to be treated so, countess?"

"Indeed, your majesty, it is not for me to say," said the countess, in a low voice, casting down her eyes; "but they do whisper that the king is jealous—"

"Jealous!" said the queen, angrily. "Of whom, and of what?"

"Of the Constable de Bourbon, madam," said the countess, almost inaudibly.

The queen started and blushed deeply. Strange as it may seem, it had never entered her mind, young, lively and innocent as she was, that her gay, jesting words with the Constable had provoked the king's jealousy. Injudicious as ever, she took a rash step at once.

"Send for the Constable, countess," she said, suddenly. "Since my lord the king will not allow me to show courtesy to the best knight of his court, I will this evening inform the Constable that he is not fit to treat me as a queen, and not as a cousin, as indeed he has the right to. Summon him instantly."

The Countess St. Pol glided from the room with suspicious readiness. No sooner was she in the passage than she called to her a little saucy imp of a page, and whispered to him:

"Quick, Antoine, run to the Sire de Vaudrey, and tell him to come quickly to the place he knows of."

The lad nodded with a smile of intelligence, and scampered off. Then the countess proceeded on her way to another part of the castle, where she was aware that the Constable of France had his quarters, with the king's musketeers, around the private chamber of his majesty. She did not enter the hall of the musketeers. Such an errand would have been undignified to her rank and sex. A crowd of pages, as usual, were loitering around the door of the guard hall, and several of these immediately started up to obey the orders of the countess. To one of these she gave a message, which sent the boy off into the hall in a great hurry. In a few minutes the clash of spurs was heard upon the flagging, and the steel breast-plate, and the lofty plumes of the Constable de Bourbon made their appearance. The countess beckoned to him, mysteriously, to come away with her, out of earshot of the pages. At the end of the hall Bourbon stopped.

"Madam," he said, "I have gone as far as my duty allows me. What is your wish?"

"Her majesty, the queen, desires to see my lord the Constable," said the countess in a low voice, and with a meaning smile. "If my lord is as brave tonight as he showed himself to-day in the tournament, who knows what may happen?"

Bourbon started slightly.

"What may happen?" he asked. "What

can happen, countess? What has happened to-day is bad enough, Heaven knows. It will require all my influence with the king, and that of my friends and family, to make him forget what I have done, however unwittingly. Why does the queen wish to see me? His majesty this morning appeared to distrust our friendship."

"His majesty is a fool," whispered the countess, flippantly; "the queen wishes to see you. If you have the courage of a knight you will follow me."

Bourbon bowed.

"Lead on, madam," he said. It was morning again. The king sat on his throne, once more surrounded by nobles. Before him was the Constable de Bourbon, with bare and bowed head, the picture of humiliation. The king's face was stern and angry.

"Advance, De Vaudrey," he said, "and tell us what you know of the crime of his Royal Highness, the Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France! It is not often that a prince of the blood is put on trial for treason. Speak, De Vaudrey."

The smooth and pliant De Vaudrey advanced, with a deprecating look on his crafty face, and said:

"Indeed, your majesty, I would rather say nothing against the good duke, who has never harmed me, personally; but love for your majesty's welfare and the safety of the kingdom, compels me to tell the truth against my will. Your majesty sent me last night, from your royal chamber, with a message to the Captain of the Musketeers, whose duty it was to protect the person of the king, without a moment's absence, until relieved. The Constable was on duty. I entered the hall, but he was gone. One of the pages told me that the Constable had been seen going toward the queen's chamber alone. I followed him there, and beheld him on his knees to the queen's most gracious majesty, kissing her hand. No one was near them. I came away, and that is all I know."

"Is this true, Bourbon?" asked the king, sternly.

There was a pause for a moment. Then the deep voice of Bourbon answered:

"It is true."

"Ah!" said Francis, fiercely, "he confesses with his own lips desertion of his post and treason to his king. Who can show cause why he should not go to the block?"

There was a dead silence, and the king resumed:

"But the justice of France is ever tempered with mercy. Charles, Duke of Bourbon, Constable and Admiral of France, from this day, henceforth, never dare to set your foot within our court. Retire, my lord, and, in the solitude of your own estate, reflect upon the narrow escape you have had of losing your head. Begone!"

Bourbon said not a word. He turned and left the room and the palace. The plot of his enemies had succeeded but too well.

The Countess of St. Pol and De Vaudrey had been in league, together with the king himself, to entrap him from his post, and cast suspicion on him of treasonable designs against the queen's honor. The chain of circumstances might have been explained, but Bourbon was too proud to explain them.

Instead of that, he left the country in disgust, and joined the great rival of Francis, the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In after years he was the prime agent in effecting the famous defeat of his former king at the field of Pavia, and became the most renowned General of his time. But the Constable de Bourbon never recovered from the blow dealt him by his secret foes working on the king's natural jealousy. He lived a miserable man, divorced from his country for no fault of his own, and died at the storming of Rome, the last words on his lips a request to hide his grave from the sight of all men.

Posterity has done justice to his memory at last.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

### Dave Burton's First "Buckskins."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"I TELL you, fellers, them war high times we used to hev in old Kaintuck. What w' coon-huntin', corn-shuckin', gander-pullin', an' huntin' Injuns better'n coons, er liftin' a skelp better'n pullin' at a gander's neck all soaped over, fur I doose; but them days I didn't know no better, an' I thort that killin' uv a b'ar was enuff to make a man outen a feller, an' put all the gals in the country crazy arter him."

"Lordy! What fools them 'ere female women do make outen us, emmyhow!"

The closing sentence of old Dave's remarks was so abrupt, and uttered with so

much fervor, that a wild yell of laughter greeted the speaker, and caused the coyotes a mile off to cease their barking.

"What the thunder ar' yur larfin' at. Ain't ever word uv it truer'n gospile?" said Dave.

"Sartin, Davy, sartin; but what ar' weem-in got ter do w' huntin' coons an' the like?" asked an old runner.

"I war a-goin' to tell yer when you all went off yowit'n wuss'n them coyotes over yander," replied Dave.

"You all knows that I kem from Ole Kaintuck, 'cause you mostly calls me arter her, an' I'm proud uv the name, but thar ain't none uv yer knows what a place it war fur fun and divilment. In course yur doosen't, how shewd yer."

"Well, when I war a-growin' up, I war borned an' riz down on the Coxes' crick settlement, thar war a lively set uv chaps a-comin' up along w' me, you may depend."

"In them days our mammys an' the gals, ef thar chanced to be enny in the fambly, used to make all the truck, weave it, yur know, what we wore on our backs—home-spun they call it, an' it war fast-rate fur warin' too, on'y it would ketch the burrs like blazes."

"Sech a thing as buck-skin fur warin' warn't hardly knowed uv in our settlement. So onct, when a feller kem along—a peddler, as had a full rig uv it already for puttin' on, I jess went fur it wuss'n a hungry b'ar fur a bee-tree."

"Then the willian, he made me pay him four times es much es the things war worth, an' then went off larfin' to hisself at the sucker he'd ketched."

"That peddler forgot hisself an' kem back that way next season. Yes, he kem baek, an' he went away, but his own mammy wouldn't a' knowed him arter leavin' Coxes' crick settlement."

"Them 'ere buck-skins! Why I kin see 'em till yit, all so whitish, yaller like, w' fringin' all 'round an' over, an' great big horn buttons onto 'em es big es Mexikin shiners."

"How I did larf to myself when I sneaked 'em up-stairs w'out lettin' a livin' soul see 'em, an' spread 'em out, an' walked round 'em an' round 'em eekle to enny ole gobbler struttin' uv a frosty mornin'. An' proud! Jess wait till I tell yer."

"But, I've been talkin' too fast. Yur see when I gits onto them buck-skins my mouth goes off half-cocked, kinder runs away w' me, yur know."



THE KING'S JEALOUSY.

"Bout two mile an' a half from the settlement thar lived ole man Oliver, an' he hed a gal, Betsy. Betsy Oliver war her name, an' from one thing 'n' nother I'd kem to think a power uv her, an' I kinder thought that she kem back at me all squar."

"Betsy war good-lookin', an' ole man hed a good clarin' an' plenty uv stock onto it, so I warn't the only feller by a long shot that war hangin' round."

"You young chaps knows how it allers ar' in them cases, each one thinkin' as he's the one, an' ev'ry feller ready to cut t'other one's weezin'."

"The on'y one uv the lot that I war afraid of—I means 'bout cuttin' in ahead w' Betsy—was a tall, slab-sided feller w' grasy hair, by the name uv Blair. Sunnow or other the cuss hed got him a cloth coat—a black 'un—an' I tell yur that coat war a desprit weepin' ag'in us fellers as on'y hed clay-bank homespun."

"Well, that's the way things stood when, one Monday mornin', word kem round the settlement the ole man Oliver war goin' to hev a corn-shuckin' thar follerin' Wednesday. Tuesday the peddler kem round, an' I snaked ther buck-skins."

"That fethes things up to the p'int, an' now I'll go ahead 'bout them buck-skins, an' how they sarked me in my courtin' uv Betsy Oliver."

"Sich a to-do 'mong the chaps in the settlement a-gettin' ther rigin' red, er huntin' up new uns, an' tradin' fur this an' that, yur never see, an' especially 'mong them chaps as war in the race arter Betsy!"

"Blair he war all right w' his black coat, an' so he walked round an' watched t'others scramblin'."

"Sez ther slick-headed cuss to me, sez he, 'Dave, what ar' gwine ter w'ar down to ole Oliver's?' es ef I hed twenty different suits fur to pick from. 'Close, sez I, shorter'n corn dodger. 'I guess I'll w'ar my black cloth,' sez he. 'I reckon yer will, fur yer hadn't nary a nuther one,' sez I, an' off he walked."

"More'n a dozen times that day I slipped off uv sta'rs to look at my buck-skins, an' see, thet the rats didn't git at 'em. Thar warn't no sirtly danger uv 'em doin' it, but the fack ar' I warn't contented outen ther sight uv 'em."

"They all wondered at home what war the matter uv me, I war so restless, an' by em by, Sukey, she war my suster, sez:

"Dave, ain't yur a-goin' down to Oliver's?"

"I dunno," sez I, keerless like.

"You better, Blair'll be thar. Let me fix up yur linsey jacket, it looks—"

"'Linsey jacket be durn'd!' sez I. 'I've got somethin' better'n that, an' I jess took Suke up sta'rs an' show'd her them buck-skins."

"You oughter seen that gal, Suke. She went on 'bout 'em powerful, an' declared thet Blair's goose war cooked to a sartin, an' wound up w' a reg'lar war-dance over ther boards uv ther loft."

"Well, ther day uv ther corn-shuckin' kem 'round at last, an' a nice day it war."

"I don't b'leve I ever see it rain like it did that day, an' it kep it up till plum night an' time to start fur ole Oliver's."

"'Twur over two miles thar, an' I know'd the trail would be muddy bad, so arter dressin' in up, an' showin' off to ther folks at home, the ole woman like to a' hed a fit over 'em, I struck out through ther timber whar thar war plenty uv grass an' no mud."

"It had stopped rainin', but ther black-jacks an' t'other bushes war drippin', so afore I got half a mile in the woods I war wet to ther skin from my middle down'ards."

"I thought that war quare, fur I war al-lers told thet buck-skin'd turn water, but mine didn't, not much."

"By-em-by I felt my legs gettin' monstrous heavy, an' afore long somethin' war draggin' about my feet, most trippin' me up ev'ry step I took."

"At fust I thort it war a bresh stickin' to my feet, but when I kem to feel down thar I disklivered it war my buck-skin briches."

"The water offen the bushes hed wet 'em, an' they war stretchin'."

"I see that wouldn't do nohow, fur they war more'n a foot too long, so I gits out my knife an' trims 'em off nice an' even the right length."

"I hadn't gone ther other half uv the fust mile afore I felt 'em sloshin' about ag'in jess as much too long as they war afore, an' out kem the knife ag'in."

"Fur a spell they war all right, but by the time I reched ole Oliver's garden fence, down they war ag'in, an' off kem another foot er more uv ther stretchin' stuff."

"I clim over an' took a look at myself by the light what kem outen the kitchen winder, an' found I war all right. Ther briches warn't hurtid a bit, an' fit splendid."

"They war shuckin' away in the barn when I walks in, an' took a stand nigh the door whar ev'ry gall an' feller thar could hev a good look."

"Yur oughter heard 'em! Why, the weemin all qu'it shuckin' corn an' gazed at me, Betsy 'mong ther rest, an' I could see

an' larfin' jiss es loud es they did. My legs now felt awful, they war so tight, an' I'm sartin thet ef I had a draw'd my breath through them, I'd a-strangled to death."

"An' Betsy! How she did go on! Her an' thet dod-rotted, slick-headed Blair. By-em-by I felt somebody te'ch me on the arm an' sorter whisper so es ev'rybody in ther room could hear it."

"'Davy, look at yer legs! an' look I did."

"I don't reckon I'll ever forgit the sight I see down thar."

"My legs from half-way 'bove ther knee war es b'ar es ther day I war born, an', what war wuss, they war fast gettin' in the same fix all ther way up. They war as hairy as a b'ar, too, es ever yur see, bow'd out wuss'n a par uv pot-hooks, an' red! Geerusalem, warn't they red!"

"One look war enuff, an' I made for ther door w' a yell eekle to enny Comanche, knocked thet slick-headed cuss, who, so luck would hev it, got right in my way, clean through ther door uv a apple-closet, an' went out myself jess es I heard Betsy say somethin' 'bout my forgettin' ther red cur."

"By ther time I reched home I wus down right dead, an' afore I could skin myself uv what war left uv ther buck-skin briches, I war closer to it yet."

"Yur see, ther cussed things hed been dry tanned, an' ther wet made 'em stretch, an' I kep' cuttin' ther long end off till when they dried an' shrank uv nateral ag'in, thar warn't more'n six inches uv ther legs left. Ther finished me w' Betsy an' ther rest uv ther gals. So I moved over to Bryant's settlement next day. I waited till I got a chance at thet peddler, which war next season, an' havin' durned nigh killed him, I sloped fur ther prairies, an' I've been hyar ever since."

## Short Stories from History.

**Heroic Deeds.**—A corporal of the 17th Dragoons, named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina during the American war, being appointed to escort an important dispatch through a country possessed by the enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot, which laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to every thing except duty, he seized the dispatch, and continued his route till he sunk from the loss of blood. Unable to proceed further, and yet anxious for his charge, to which he knew death would be no security against the enemy, he then

"Within his wound the fatal paper plac'd  
Which prov'd his death, nor by that death dis-  
grac'd."

A smile benignant on his countenance shone,  
Pleas'd that his secret had remain'd un-  
known;  
So was he found."

A British patrol discovered him on the following day, before life was quite extinct; he pointed out to his comrade the dreadful depository he had chosen, and then satisfactorily breathed his last. The Earl of Moira has erected a monument to the hero in the church of his native parish.

In 1780, Sir James Wallace, in the *Esperance*, of fifty guns, conducted a predatory warfare on the French coast. Having driven several large frigates into the Bay of Concarre in Normandy, until they had run close under cover of a battery, and his pilots not venturing to take further charge of his ship, he immediately took the risk and management upon himself, boldly passed up the bay, and laid her ashore abreast of the battery, and compelled the French crews to abandon their ships, which were immediately boarded and brought away. Two other frigates, an armed cutter, and a number of small craft, were set on fire, or otherwise destroyed.

The Portuguese, being besieged by a body of Indians in Brazil, one of them of the name of Rodriguez took a barrel of gun-powder in his arms, and called out to his companions, "Stand out of the way, I carry my own death, and that of others." He then threw it in the middle of his enemies, with a match so lighted as to explode the moment he threw it down. It burst immediately, and blew to atoms more than a hundred Indians. It is most surprising that Rodriguez escaped unhurt, and continued to distinguish himself by similar actions of valor.

In the engagement between Sir Edward Hughes and M. de Suffrein in 1781, the *Bacrer* was almost reduced to a complete wreck, having at times from three to five ships upon her. Commodore King, who commanded her, displayed the most unshaken fortitude and presence of mind. Toward the close of the action, as two of the enemy's ships were bearing down to attack the *Bacrer*, already a wreck, the master asked the Commodore what he should do with the ship. To which he bravely replied: "There is nothing to be done but to fight till she sinks."

At the siege of Quebec, Captain Ochterlony and Lieutenant Peyton, both of General Monckton's regiment, fell before the breastwork near the falls; the former wounded mortally—the latter severely in the knee. Two savages pushed down upon them with the utmost precipitation, armed with their knives. They first seized on Captain Ochterlony, when Lieutenant Peyton, who lay reclining on his fusel, discharged it, and the savage dropped immediately on the body of his intended prey. The other savage advanced with much eagerness to Lieutenant Peyton, who had scarcely time to disengage his bayonet, and conceal his disposition. With one arm he warded off the purposed blow, and with the other laid the assailant lifeless at his side. A straggling grenadier, who had happily escaped the slaughter of his companions, stumbled upon Captain Ochterlony, and readily offered him his services. The Captain, with the spirit and bravery of a true Briton, replied, "Friend, I thank you! but with respect to me, the musket, or scalping-knife, will only be a more speedy deliverance from pain. I have but a few minutes to live. Go; make haste, and tender your service where there is a possibility it may be useful."

At the same time he pointed to Lieutenant Peyton, who was then endeavoring to crawl away on the sand. The grenadier took Lieutenant Peyton on his back, and conveyed him to the boat, but not without each receiving a wound; Lieutenant Peyton in his back, and his rescuer near his shoulder.

In the wars of Helvetia against the House of Austria, the brave Urio Rothac of Appenzel being surprised by twelve Austrians, fought alone against them, and killed five; the seven despairing of victory, set fire to the cabin, on the top of which he had posted himself, and basely destroyed him.